

THE  
Juvenile Instructor

VOL. 60

MAY, 1925

NO. 5







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### THE JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR, Vol. 60, No. 5

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## The bravest Battle

The bravest battle that ever was fought!  
Shall I tell you where and when?  
On the maps of the world you will find it not;  
'Twas fought by the mothers of men.

Nay, not with cannon or battle shot,  
With sword or nobler pen!  
Nay, not with eloquent word or thought,  
From mouths of wonderful men.

But deep in a walled-up woman's heart,  
A woman that would not yield,  
But bravely, silently bore her part—  
Lo! there is that battlefield.

No marshaling troop, no bivouac song,  
No banner to gleam and wave;  
But, oh! these battles they last so long,  
From babyhood to grave.

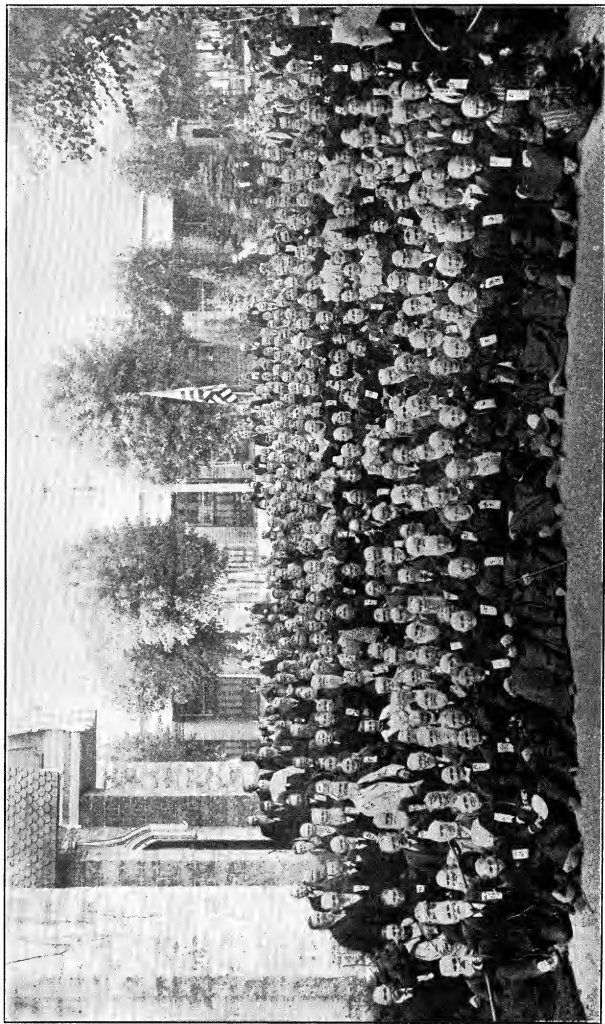
Yet, faithful still as a bridge of stars,  
She fights in her walled-up town—  
Fights on and on in endless wars;  
Then silent, unseen, goes down.

O ye with banners and battle shot,  
And soldiers to shout and praise,  
I tell you the kingliest victories fought  
Are fought in these silent ways.

O spotless woman in a world of shame.  
With splendid and silent scorn,  
Go back to God as white as you came,  
The kingliest warrior born.

—*Joaquin Miller.*





PIONEER FATHERS AND MOTHERS  
Photograph taken at the Pioneer Jubilee Celebration at Salt Lake City, July 24, 1897





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## My Mother and One Other

By Lula Greene Richards

Mother—my Mother! In my infancy  
You taught me with your eyes the force of prayer.  
I needed but to look with pleading glance,  
And you would know and feed and comfort me.  
You gave me of your life that I might live;  
With joy unspeakable in serving me  
You gave me richly of your happiness.  
Sovereign and servant in our kingdom small  
You reigned and served—you were my All in All.

Your Kingdom then and mine a fore-taste sweet  
Of Heaven's Kingdom where the Savior reigns.  
Of such, He said, the little children are.  
And men He taught they could not enter there  
Except as children in humility.  
And whosoever would be great must serve.  
Sovereign and servant—Mother—oh how great!  
Yet as I grew in wisdom and in strength  
You taught me with the eye of faith to find  
A greater Love and Service still more kind.

I follow on, my Mother, where you lead,  
Remembering still the lessons you have taught  
And learning still the greater powers of love.  
No day nor hour is dearer or more blest  
Than that in which my soul communes with you,  
My sweet, indulgent, patient, prayerful Mother,  
And He of grace supreme—that great One Other.



## Little Stories of Married Life

*By Elizabeth Cannon Porter*

### PURPLE FLOWER OF THE DUSK

Olga Winestock, widow, aged thirty-five, had come to California to make a new home, a new life. Her husband, to whom she had been devoted, had died in the midst of one of his engineering projects. After the first shock, which left her in a state of collapse, she had rallied, true to the pioneer blood which flowed in her veins. She had set her husband's affairs in order. During their twelve years of married life she had gone with him to rough mining camps and new countries and at each place had established his home. Daughter of an empire builder of the west, she had inherited much of her father's executive ability and had been able to help Mr. Winestock in big undertakings. Childless, she had lavished the wealth of her affection upon her husband.

Now she must assemble new interests. Because she had spent much time among ugly, crude surroundings, she determined to buy beauty with her money.

She purchased one of Los Angeles' thousand hills, where the sea air filters through the pines. A vista disclosed the terraced roofs of one section of the city. On a neighboring peak eucalypti were silhouetted against the hazy skyline. The approach to her domain was through an avenue of palms and the entrance was draped with peppers and acacias.

To her assistance came young Tremayne, former Prince of Realtors, but who now took a humble back seat because he was not "in capacity" as he explained it. He was going blind. But he lent Mrs. Winestock his knowledge gained through experience in the business. An artist drew the picture of the house that should adorn the site,—a

white Spanish hacienda that gleamed through the foliage like a Greek temple. It was to be set in terraced Italian gardens. The realtor procured for her the architect, builders, stone masons, landscape gardeners and decorators, experts in their lines, gleaned from the four corners of the earth.

In California, where they do things almost overnight, the erection of her hillside mansion had taken the greater part of a year. Olga had stuck to the Spanish architecture, arches and colonnades, patio and fountain, plain walls and tiled floors. In this cosmopolitan city she had smiled at the admixture of architectural forms.

"One can tell the nationality of the owner by the kind of roof that he puts on his house," she vouchsafed. "A Dutchman builds a low roof, but the Swiss makes his steep."

The Saturday night before Easter Tremayne had called.

"I feel that my work here is nearly finished," he had told her.

His words shot a pang through her heart, for she had relied on him constantly for all the problems that had arisen in the work. His association with this intelligent woman had meant much to him in the gathering darkness, for the money-loving crowd that he had formerly run with had no use for a blind man.

When he arose to go he took hold of her.

"Mrs. Winestock, your house is finished. I—have done all that I could for you. But I know that you are going to take a step up."

As if afraid to trust himself further, he had stalked out. Olga, strangely shaken, watching him through misting eyes, discovered that he had suddenly disappeared. Upset with emotion, he



had not observed his usual caution and had walked off the terrace.

The widow ran out and saw him lying on the pavement below. She switched on the lights and called servants. After they had carried him up and laid him on the living room divan, and while the butler summoned a physician, he opened his eyes and murmured "Olga" happily and contentedly. In the tone of his voice he betrayed the love that he had felt these many months.

That night in her rose and ivory chamber Olga could not sleep. Donning a negligee she went and fumbled among the books and found Edward A. Guest's "A Heap o' Livin'". Propped high among her pillows and with her reading lamp turned on, she turned to the poem on home, "It takes a heap o' livin' in a house to make a home." The "poet of the commonplace" goes on to tell how someone has to be born there, and even a loved one die there—that a home is only made by human association.

"It looks like I have immured myself in an immense mausoleum," she thought, as a great wave of loneliness swept over her. This place could turn into a prison house. It takes two to build a nest, she reflected.

Olga Winestock was of too big a caliber to amuse herself with canaries or parrots, cats or dogs, or whole apiaries or menageries, for that matter. She had tried charity work. It sickened her because it seemed like the poor had to show disease, dirt, and inefficiency, in order to claim charity. Olga's private opinion was that people who really deserved help were the proud, brave ones who made the best of things. Even trained social service, while it accomplished much, she rather resented. The poor, as well as the rich, had a right to privacy.

She had offered to adopt her favorite niece, promising to make her her heir, but her sister Frances had objected to giving up any of her chil-

dren. Nor did the girl want to leave her own mother. Mrs. Winestock shrank from the responsibility of taking an infant to raise.

Toward morning a resolve came to her. Just before daylight she drifted off into slumber. She slept late and the garden was flooded with spring sunlight when she wandered out into it. It was Easter Sunday and peace lay on her soul like a benediction. The robins, which, like the tourists, winter in California, were leaving.

She wandered past the hedges of flaming red geraniums, between the calla-lilies and the picturesque flowering artichoke to the roses. Here she cut an armful of Maman Chochets, exquisite Parisian beauties.

These she took with her to visit the blind man. The streets had a quiet Sunday morning atmosphere. It was the first time that she had been to Tremayne's quarters. On entering she was struck with the asceticism of the room, for the afflicted early learn to do without the superfluities of life.

Tremayne, who lay on a narrow cot, felt her presence, for his face lighted up and his lips curved into the little crooked smile that she knew so well.

"How are you?" she asked.

"All right. Just got rather jolted up, I guess. They're making me keep quiet."

"That's right," she patted the counterpane. His fingers with their beautifully groomed nails closed over hers. She felt the beating of his pulse.

After a long pause she asked suddenly, "How would you like to marry me?"

He exclaimed, "Olga, you couldn't marry a blind man!"

"Let me be your eyes."

"That's a pretty idea. But you pity me and you are letting your commiseration get away with you."

"No, I've asked you because I really want you, and love you. Your mis-



fortune will let me take care of you. Can't you see that I have got to have something to do? I don't care for public work. It would help me round out my life."

"Do you know," she added confidentially, "that at school I always despised Evangeline for hunting her lover. I wondered what he was doing all the time she was chasing him up. But now in the late stories of the fashion magazines it seems quite the thing for the young lady to choose her admirer, beg her lover to kiss her, or even to take a priest along with her to marry him. And I have had to propose to you!"

"It's a good thing that you did, for with my infirmity, I would never have asked you. I loved you from the first. We got along famously together. Companionship is one of the elements of love. This is the only luck I have ever had in my life. And to think that this great thing has come to me through my calamity! It is life after death."

Church bells tolled in the distance.

"It is like the resurrection." Joy suffused him. He drew her passionately down into his arms.

"Even blindness looses its terrors with you."

## True to the Faith

By Wm. A. Morton

"True to the faith that our parents have cherished,  
True to the truth for which martyrs have perished,  
To God's command, soul, heart and hand,  
Faithful and true we will ever stand."

The Wilson family had assembled in the parlor of their comfortable home, to spend an hour together in what had come to be known in the household as "Home Evening." They had sung the song "True to the Faith" and Jack, the twelve-year-old son, who had been ordained a Deacon the previous Sunday, had offered prayer. For the little folks, Mrs. Wilson had read an interesting story from the *Juvenile Instructor*, and it was now the father's turn to take part on the program.

"The song we sang this evening," said Mr. Wilson, reminds me of a young woman who embraced the Gospel in London many years ago. Her parents were well-to-do people, her father being a retired English merchant.

"A 'Mormon' missionary called at the home one afternoon and left two Gospel tracts. A week later he called

again. He was invited in by the father of the young woman of whom I speak, who, after asking him a number of questions, denounced him as an impostor, a wolf in sheep's clothing, and ordered him out of the house.

"When the missionary had left, the daughter, a young woman about 20 years of age, said to her father: 'Father, it seems to me that your conduct was very un-Christianlike. The 'Mormon' missionary acted far more like a true disciple of Christ than you did. I don't believe you know anything about the 'Mormons' or their religion.'

"And, pray, what do you know about them?" asked the father, angrily.

"I know that the doctrine they teach is true," the young woman replied. "I have read the tracts they left with us; I have compared them with the Gospel taught by Christ and his Apostles, and if the latter taught the true plan of salvation, the 'Mormons' teach it."

"We will let the matter drop right here," said the father as he turned and left the room.



"The following Sunday evening there was a stranger at the meeting of the Saints—the young woman I have been telling you about. She attended regularly about three months. One Sunday evening, when the elders and Saints of the branch were assembled in public worship, the door of the room opened and a man entered. His face was deathly pale and he trembled with excitement. He was the young woman's father. Pointing to his daughter, he commanded her in a stern voice to come with him. The young woman, terribly humiliated, arose and followed her father out of the meeting room.

"Scarcely a word was spoken on the way home, but on their arrival there the father flew into a rage, called the 'Mormons' vile names, and told his daughter that if she ever attended another 'Mormon' meeting he would turn her out of home, and not only that, but would disown and disinherit her.

"The young woman tried to reason with her father, but he refused to listen to her. Rising to her feet, she said: 'Father, I am going to join the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day

Saints even if it costs me my life. I love truth dearer than anything else in the world. Mormonism is true, and for it I am prepared to make any sacrifice.'

"Given her choice between a good home, an inheritance and her new-found faith, the young woman chose the latter. That decision cost her the loss of a good home and a fortune also. Turned out of doors by her irate father, she was taken in by a family of Saints. She obtained a position as domestic servant, saved her earnings, and two years later emigrated to Utah. Three years later she was married and is now the mother of seven fine children, one of whom was ordained a Deacon last Sunday."

Just then a gentle sob was heard; mother was in tears. The children looked at each other in astonishment, and then exclaimed: "Why, that young woman is mother." They flew to her, entwined their arms around her neck and almost smothered her with kisses. Jack gave expression to the feeling that was in the heart of all when he said: "Thank God for such a true, noble mother!"

## Mother and Dad

*By Annie Malin*

I know a lovely lady,  
Who is always kind and sweet;  
She's the dearest one you ever saw  
And lives right on our street.

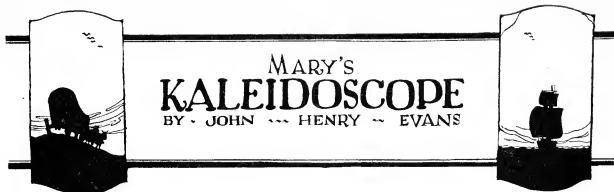
And there's a man, you know him, too,  
Who works for us all day,  
Before we go to bed at night  
With him we love to play.

She bakes and sews and works for us  
Just more than any other;  
Some people call her "Mrs. Brown,"  
But we just call her "Mother,"

We have such fun, we dance and sing,  
He makes us feel so glad;  
Some people call him "Mr Brown,"  
But we just call him "Dad,"

We dearly love our home and friends,  
And dearly love each other;  
But most of all in all the world  
We love our Dad and Mother.





### The Third Turn

While, as I have already told you, Elder Bentley had not been at Mary's home when her mother died, yet he hastened thither as soon as he could get away from Liverpool. For, although he knew that Mary would not be lacking for friends who would be glad to lend any assistance she might need, still he also knew that she would be anxiously waiting for his return. Her loneliness went very much to his heart. As for Mary, she had not the least idea what her lot would be, now that her mother had gone—whether she would go to Zion as she and her mother and Elder Bentley had planned, or whether she would have to stay in England and make the best of it there. She greatly preferred to go to Zion.

After Elder Bentley's arrival, however, the point did not long remain in doubt. "I shall take you to Liverpool," he said to Mary, "and put you in the care of a family of emigrants, and you can go to America, as your mother would have liked you to do."

So, the funeral over and the few articles of household furniture disposed of that remained, Mary and Elder Bentley walked to the railway station, accompanied by a number of friends, and there Mary bade a last farewell to everything she had learned to love. It seemed like taking leave of the world, or like pulling up a young sapling by the roots and transplanting it, after days of exposure to the dry air, in a soil where nobody knew whether or not it would grow. But Mary had not the least desire to remain in her native land, much less in the place that had

for her now only the most painful memories. Besides, had she not seen beautiful objects beckoning to her from out her kaleidoscope?

\* \* \*

Have you ever visited the docks of a great sea-port town like Liverpool? A fearful and wonderful thing are the docks of such a town.

Elder Bentley and Mary, her hand held tight in the hand of her guardian, are wending their silent way through the Liverpool docks to the "Ellen Maria," lying there in the water ready to take on her huge cargo of human freight, past the noises and the smells and the sights that you can hear and smell and see nowhere else than at such a seaside.

There were daughters of the sea, every nationality under the sun, clad mostly in silks and satin, hair streaming out in the breeze and bandana kerchiefs floating out from the shoulders, like banners on a Fourth of July in the United States. There were pawnshops with every imaginable thing in the windows—Union-Jack pocket handkerchiefs, and watches with little ships pitching fore and aft on the dial, and telescopes and other sea instruments, to be bought or traded for. There were vegetable and meat stalls where you could buy such cabbages and potatoes as, given a little time, might actually walk away of their own accord, and such shell-fish as appeared to have been scraped off the copper bottoms of the ships that lay at that moment in the harbor. There were numerous little drug stores, which dealt chiefly in lint and plaster and other things for use in dressing wounds such as were made nightly in the dark



alley-ways of the docks by one of those rovers who came in from the sea to take in the sights and beer. There were shabby little undertaking establishments, where, if you got in the way of one of those sea-dogs just mentioned, you got buried for little or nothing and thus made a cheap ending. There were the public houses, or beer shops, out of which issued all the day and all the night the scrapings of fiddles, and shouting and coarse jests of sailors, and the screechings of innumerable parrots which had been brought from foreign parts and which were perpetually surprised at what they saw around them. And then there were the frightful smells—of coffee and boiling cabbage issuing from the cheap eating houses, of the decaying vegetables and the shell-fish on the stalls, of the human spawn that had been thrown up out of the salt sea. Everywhere were signs shouting at you to come and buy ale and knives and bread and whatnot here, because their owners did not hold up the price as was done elsewhere.

"How terrible it would be to pass through this place at night when you were alone," exclaimed Mary as all these sights and smells and sounds broke upon her.

"Yes," answered Elder Bentley, "especially if you were a little girl."

The "Ellen Maria" lay with her great side to the wharf—not silent and still, as that word "lay" might lead you to suppose, but restless and noisy rather, like (what shall I say?) a huge elephant chained by its foot and anxious to be off to show its stock of tricks in the three-ringed circus, now moving this way and now that way to the end of its tether, now rising and now falling.

Two gangways, made of spars and planks, connected the ship and the wharf, and up and down these gangways went the "Mormon" emigrants, crowding to and fro, like ants, some with cabbages, some with loaves of

bread, some with cheese and butter and milk, some with boxes and beds and bundles, nearly all with babies, nearly all too with bran-new tin cans for their daily allowance of water—to and fro, up and down, aboard and ashore, swarming here and there and everywhere were men and women and children. And always, as the dock-gate swung on its hinges, cabs appeared, and carts appeared, and vans appeared, bringing more emigrants, with more cabbages, more loaves, more cheese and butter and milk, more boxes and beds and bundles, more tin cans, more children, big and little.

On deck, when Elder Bentley and Mary reached it, there was great bustle and activity. Children of all ages and sizes were running hither and thither exploring in their curious and unheeding way every nook and cranny of the ship that promised to reveal a secret, ascending and descending stairways, climbing boxes and bales, perching on posts and other high and dangerous points, peering over into dark, deep gulfs at the bottom—if there were any bottom at all, to the filthy bilge-water of a sea-port—all of which caperings put a scare into whoever was near and happened for the moment not to be so bent on his own purpose that he could not see danger to the youngsters. But mostly men and women alike were taking this last opportunity to write to friends and relatives they were leaving behind them. Over here was a woman who had spread a white cloth on a belaying pin and who was scribbling away for dear life, while a crying baby spent out its little life in a vain endeavor to snatch the pen from her hand. Over yonder was a grizzly old man dictating a letter to another grizzly old man in an immense fur cap, which he kept lifting every now and then with his two hands as if to let in the air upon his over-worked brain, while now and again he cast furtive glances at the other partly in amaze-



ment at what he was asked to set down on paper. And over there lay a woman flat on the deck, breast-down, making out to write a letter with a lead pencil, meantime humming a tune, to the accompaniment of the lurching of the ship and the swishing of the bilge-water below. All the while two men were swinging big derricks to and fro, with great bundles suspended from the ends ready to place in the hold of the ship.

Mary had been put in charge of a family by the name of Wimble. There were eleven Wimbles, great and small, big and little—the father and the mother and seven young Wimbles. The head of the household—in name, that is, not in fact, as you shall see presently—was a mild-mannered man who was about as tall lying down as standing up and whose main noises were a deep grunt of approval or disapproval when his wife spoke to him and a smacking of his lips at something that pleased him more than usual. Mrs. Wimble, a slight little body with actions like a wild canary, was alert in mind as in body and took life very seriously, to make up for the sluggish movements of her spouse and his lack of interest in things that were going on about him. Alice Wimble was the oldest, and the only girl in the family. Baby Wimble, whose nose these days required the constant application of the handkerchief, was not yet one year old. The rest all came in between—boys all and full of the old mischief, as their mother avowed several score of times every day of her life, especially now on board ship, where every experience they could acquire was a new one and might never be got again.

The Wimbles didn't mind at all having Mary added to their family. Mrs. Wimble, in fact, "took to her" as to one of her own household, and Mr. Wimble looked at her approvingly out of the fat slits through which, it may be presumed, he saw more than people thought he did. And when the

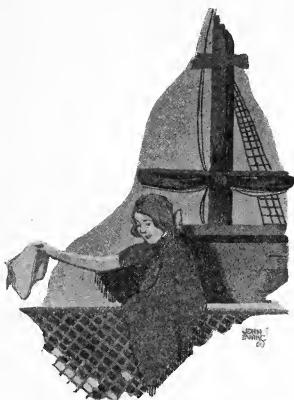
Inspector read out her name with those of William Henry Wimble (that was the father), and Sarah Hannah Wimble (that was the mother), and all the rest of the Wimbles, down to Jedediah Forsythe Wimble (that was the Baby, you understand), why, Mrs. Wimble, who answered the Inspector before the slow-moving lips of her husband could get the words out, spoke up as proudly as if Mary had been her own flesh and blood, "All here, sir, including our adopted daughter, sir, an' it please you!"

One of the first things Mary did when she got on board was to find her sleeping compartment. It was a little room toward the middle of the ship with hardly room enough to turn round in, all lined with "bunks" one atop of the other and big enough only for one person. To enter this compartment you had to go through a doorway that was very narrow. If the ship lurched one direction, you were likely to be shot right through against the opposite side, and if it reeled in another direction you found yourself hard put to it to get in at all or even to keep your feet. However, Mary had little difficulty on this occasion in getting in and out, for the reason that



"He waved his hand in return"





"Mary stood there waving her handkerchief"

the vessel was merely prancing instead of rocking on a violent sea. She deposited her small bundle in the top bunk, and ran out again to see what she could see.

By this time the writing had come to an end and all the letters been dropped into the letter-box on the wharf. Moreover, the boxes and the beds and the bundles, with the bread and the cabbages and the tin cans, had found their places somewhere out of sight, waiting for the time when they should be brought out for use. And the "Mormon" emigrants—three hundred sixty-nine of them, counting the children—were gathered on the upper deck in a kind of awe, for the gong had sounded as a signal for every one to be on board on pain of being left

behind. Mr. Wimble, when all the young Wimbles could be got to stand still long enough to be counted, proceeded to count heads. "Thirteen," he said when the task was done, "thirteen—an unlucky number." But it turned out when the nimble wits of his wife got busy that he had counted a neighbor's child, whom in his excitement he mistook for his own. And on being importuned to count them again, got only eleven this time, having forgotten to count himself. The matter was corrected, however, by Mrs. Wimble taking things into her own hands.

Pretty soon some voice in the crowd on deck broke out with the favorite hymn among emigrating Saints, "Babylon." In less time than you can say "Jack Robinson," as the saying is, every one of those three hundred sixty-nine throats was straining at the chorus—

"O Babylon, O Babylon, we bid thee  
farewell;  
We're going to the mountains of Eph-  
raim to dwell."

Every throat but one, that is. For, although Mary knew the song very well and liked to sing it, she was not now in the singing mood. All the time she stood leaning against the taffrail, with tear-dimmed eyes, thinking of a lonely grave in a far-away church-yard. As the "Ellen Maria" drew slowly away from the wharf and while the emigrant Saints were still singing the strains of "Babylon," Mary stood there waving her handkerchief at Elder Bentley on the wharf, he waving his hand at her in return.

(To be continued)

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*"It's a wonderful thing, a mother!*

*Other folks can love you, but only your mother understands;*

*She works for you, looks after you, loves you, forgives you anything you may  
do, understands you, and then,*

*The only bad thing she ever does is to die and leave you."*

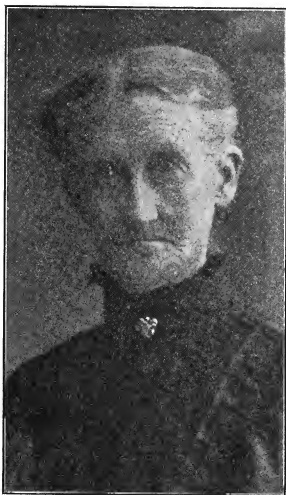




## Margaret Mary Brandon

*Harold H. Jenson.*

Pioneers may come and pioneers may go, but seldom will one find five pioneers of 1847 in one family, or three veterans of this first year still living. Such is the case with the Cherry family. They are Amelia Cherry Smith, now deceased; Rebecca Cherry Porter, who



has also passed to the Great Beyond. Margaret Mary Brandon, age 89, John James Cherry, 91, and Caroline C. Harris, 80, are still living. The latter reside at Centerville, which has been the family home since 1848.

A very short time ago the writer made a special trip to the nearby village to interview Mrs. Brandon, especially for this article in the "Juvenile Instructor." He found a woman of strong personality, who through years of hard work, still wears a smile, and whose story is a lesson particularly to the younger generation of today. Mrs. Brandon, in her youth, was in a fire, which crippled her hands, drawing up the fingers, and making everything much harder for her to do than the average woman. She married young, and has raised a large family, mostly boys. Lee and Ray Brandon, will be remembered for their management of the Brandon Opera Company recently playing in the Salt Lake Theatre. This good old lady recalled vividly pictures of the past, and with her sister, commented on their old home, how young married people should work together, and above all be satisfied.

Following is her story: "Our pioneer home was what could well be termed our shrine. There's a little cottage down on the main highway, by that big tree yonder that I want you to see. It has withstood the test of time and stands a monument to by-gone days. Some modern houses may be prettier and more up-to-date but not half so comfortable, for that home we wouldn't trade for any of 'em."

"What do I first remember about this valley? Well, we were only children when we came here, and there wasn't anything to remember. Our mother and father were among the first three settlers of this section, and at that time all was wilderness. It



meant hard work to clear away the sagebrush and get the land ready to cultivate. We sure had to work in those days, although our parents were better off than most folks. We had four wagons and four yoke of oxen when we came. 'Rebecky' drove an ox team clear across the plains and we girls worked just as hard as the boys helping to make a home for the family. Each had one certain task assigned to them, and when told to do a thing they did it, and did it well.

"The coming of the crickets in 1848 is the first vivid recollection I have. It was like a big black cloud. We were all called to help fight them, and while father and my brother made a hole in the center of the field, we young ones made a circle around our land and with a grass broom kept driving the pests toward that hole, and when they jumped in we shoveled dirt on them. We kept doing this and by keeping it up we saved our crops.

"Our first home was a log cabin. Part of it still stands down east of the main road, near that big tree. You see that tree grew up with us, but certainly has outgrown and will probably outlive us. You can't reach around it now and you can us." Here a smile lit up the countenance revealing a keen sense of humor.

"We used to have good times in those days. We had our dances, our parties, and our "bees" as we called them. People were more friendly and social than they be now-a-days and more careful. The dances then were graceful and not rough and wild. I remember Harrison Sperry and many other pioneers used to bring their fiddles and we had real dancing. Our parents always came as chaperons and amusement was clean and wholesome."

"What about the clothes we used to wear? They sure were homespun. Not only clothes but carpets and almost everything we had was home-

made. I remember specially quiltin' bees.

"We used to all go to someone's home and then we'd take the wool and wash it and then pick it. We generally called them 'wool pickings' for we had to pick all the briars and dirt out of the wool before we could spin it. First we'd boil it; then we'd use a kind of comb affair and get it ready for the spinning wheel. After lots of work it was ready to spin. We also made cotton and wool carpets. Our first carpet was homemade. It took hours to make these things but we kept at it and chattered over affairs of the day, stopping only for refreshments, which were usually furnished by the person to whose home we went. When they were too poor we each brought something. Many times we met to make things for those less fortunate. When someone needed something special, we all clubbed together, no questions were asked; none were needed. We just worked till we had them ready and before they knew it the desired article was made.

"Our dresses were homemade and we became expert at designing. We had more work than we could do and weren't too tony to do it, or to wear what we had.

"As for homes. Well we were satisfied. Pioneer theatricals also helped amuse us. We used to go by team to Salt Lake for the bigger shows, also to choir practice and ward entertainments. We never missed and the whole family would go.

"I think today when young people go pleasure mad and always leave parents home, there's something wrong. Why not enjoy life together. The same with your married couples; work together; don't try to get everything. Keep out of debt. Above all, remember love is what after all counts."

Evening shades were falling, so the writer bade adieu to the good old lady, feeling well repaid with a good lesson learned.



# EDITORIAL THOUGHTS



## JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR

Organ of the Deseret Sunday School Union

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SALT LAKE CITY - - - MAY, 1925

### Mothers' Day

Comes again that day of sweetness and tender memories, that sympathetic, uplifting occasion—Mothers' Day. It was only a few years ago that Miss Anna Jarvis of Philadelphia, in her desire to commemorate the date of her own mother's death, originated the idea of Mothers' Day. She thought it would be a lovely custom if the people on a certain day would wear a white flower, preferably a carnation, as a

tribute to motherhood. The idea spread with such lightning-like rapidity that today the occasion is almost universally celebrated. The second Sunday in May was the time fixed and this year it falls on May 10th. Churches, Civic Societies, Scouts and various organizations all vie with each other in paying this homage. And it is surely a great satisfaction to know that the Sunday Schools are leading the world in celebrating the day by preparing unique and uplifting programs devoted to the glorification of Motherhood.

It is a day attractive to all ages—the old, the middle aged, the youth and the boy and girl, and each group will naturally have its own trend of thought. The older men and women will count it a day of hallowed memories when visions of the long ago will be vivid in their mind's eye, and sweet emotions will well up in their hearts as they listen to the tributes paid to faithful mothers of the past. The middle aged, too, will be refreshed and encouraged to live righteously the remaining time allotted to them, and their lives will be enriched by the service. Young men and women just starting in life's wedded years will be inspired to build ideal homes, impressed with the thought that the best civilization is built around the hearthstone and upon sanctified motherhood. Boys and girls who leap and play and regard father and mother merely as conveniences, one to fill the family larder and the other to tuck them away in bed, will have their eyes opened to the real place of father and mother in their lives.

Thus Mothers' Day will bring into



the souls of men and women of all ages and conditions a renewed devotion to motherhood, and it will inspire them with higher ideals upon which to center life's objectives.

Yes, it will be a great day! Motherhood will be set upon a high pedestal and glorified. And yet, unless the precepts of that day are carried over into everyday life and put into deeds of actual service the glory of the occasion will be but as "ashes of roses." Mother, highly honored May 10th, but neglected the rest of the year, will only more keenly suffer the reaction such neglect will surely cause.

Added to the honors paid her on Mothers' Day she needs loving atten-

tion to the little courtesies and amenities of life every day of her life. She needs you married sons and daughters to call and see her often, or if away from her home city, to send a timely letter, and occasionally a sentiment expressed in modest flowers—they need not be expensive—or a simple card on special days with carefully selected sentiments. She needs her children to look after her comfort; to accept her counsel respectfully and graciously; to honor her good name and be sure to preserve it by good conduct: to be themselves, true, loyal faithful, virtuous, sober and industrious. In this they will best honor motherhood and enjoy in return life's sweetest and most ennobling gift—Mother love.

### The Love of Mother

*By Alice Morrill*

Bring white carnations, pure and sweet,  
For this is "Mother's Day."  
With loving words and kindly deeds  
We'll drive her cares away.  
We'll whisper to her heart so true  
We love you, Mother, we love you.

Go gather garlands of bright bloom  
To crown her silver hair.  
Above her heart so brave and true  
Let blossoms nestle there  
And tell with gentle deed anew  
We love you, Mother, we love you.

Let little children come today,  
Of Heaven's kingdom, such,  
And take in their's her dear tired hands,  
Caress with loving touch,  
And cheer her heart—it is her due—  
We love you, Mother, we love you.

As fragrant blossoms greet her eye,  
And strains of music swell,  
Let this assurance reach her heart  
From those she loves so well:  
Dear one, so kind, so leal and true,  
We love you, Mother, we love you.





## CHRIST IS RISEN

That was the Easter message with which the first Christians joyfully greeted each other. To them the resurrection of the crucified Lord was a reality, the very key stone of their faith, their hopes, their lives. With that fact removed, all other features of the Christian religion would fall, and we would have only a ruin.

Paul is emphatic on this, when he declares: "If Christ be not risen, then is our preaching vain, and your faith is also vain \* \* \* then they also which are fallen asleep in Christ are perished. If in this life only we have hope in Christ, we are of all men most miserable." (I Cor. 15:14-19.) But Christ is risen, His resurrection is a fact.

Some, even now, doubt and deny. They would like to discount and remove from human history all miracles, and even God Himself. Suppose they should succeed in this; what would there be left? A Godless world would still have, as Walt Whitman expresses it, "money, business, imports, exports, custom, authority, precedents, pallor, dyspepsia, smut, ignorance, unbelief." And that would be about all what infidelity, whether in the pulpit or outside, could offer as a substitute for all that which faith in the Lord Jesus Christ and His resurrection means to the human family.

## RACE SUICIDE

Let me here refer to just one item, which, it seems to me, indicates very plainly that man, without divine guidance, is bent on his own destruction, body and soul.

A short time ago an international conference was held at the McAlpin Hotel, New York, on which occasion "birth control" was discussed.

A few years ago such a gathering could not have been held without protests from the pulpit and press. Now it was both held and widely reported.

The advocates of "race suicide" argue that it should be the duty of the state to control the entrance of God's children into the world and restrict the number, as in the case of cattle and pigs, to those physically perfect. They adduce many arguments for this proposition, but more particularly that the earth will in another few years be too small for the human race, at the present rate of increase. Dr. Bland, an English delegate to the race suicide conference, emphasized that, "The food resources are barely sufficient now to provide a decent standard of nourishment for the 1,750 million human beings living. In sixty years the struggling masses will be doubled. How are they to live then?"

This to some may sound unanswerable. But it is, nevertheless, a fallacy. The race does not increase a hundred per cent in 60 years. But, even if it did, what of it? Of the present population of the world, about 80 per cent live in Europe and Asia, while Africa has only 7 per cent and South America 3½. Recent students of anthropogeography have calculated that the earth, even under present conditions, would be large enough for from 8 to 16 billion inhabitants. Under present conditions! Yes, but how many under different and more favorable conditions? There is plenty of room for expansion. Have we not, in our land,



seen a vast "desert," thought to be uninhabitable, changed into an inland, populous empire of states?

Our earth is pretty big. The United States alone has an area large enough to supply every living man woman and child with more than one acre. Someone has said that the entire human race could have a family reunion and picnic within the boundaries of Utah, and have ample room as far as the area is concerned.

When our heavenly Father planned this earth, He made it big enough for all who should come and dwell here. There is also plenty of the necessities of life for all, if the resources in the soil, the water, and the air, were all organized and utilized, as they will be. There will be room for untold millions yet to come when the children of men cease their struggle, their murderous competition, and obey the law of co-operation instead, which is the law of the gospel. That law has not yet been applied on a large scale, in the spirit of the gospel. But it will be, and there will be plenty of room for all.

But the point to consider now is, that our civilization has gone so far astray that "wise" men and women without compunction openly advocate the violation of God's first holy law: "Be fruitful, and multiply, and replenish the earth," and would have us believe that God's law must be broken, in order that a few may be enabled to live on His earth in comfort!

#### DEVELOPMENT OF PALESTINE

The dedication of a university at Jerusalem on Mt. Scopus, on April 1, was an event of great importance. That means that there now is an intellectual center for the Jews in all the world, which greatly facilitates the consolidation of the scattered people for its mission in the latter days.

In addition to this university, the Jews have a polytechnic school at Jaffa,

which is well patronized. They have 150 elementary schools, and it is claimed that seven-eighths of all the children attend.

Forty-three big areas of land have recently been brought under cultivation, and new residence quarters have been added to the cities of Jaffa, Haifa and Tiberias. Three electric power plants have been built and the waterfalls of the Jordan are being utilized for electrification of the entire country. Water for culinary purposes is still scarce in some places. Reports from Jerusalem indicate that a serious water famine is feared this summer. There are, however, springs some distance from the city, which it may be possible to utilize. Four thousand houses have been built recently, and factories are busy producing cement, oil, furniture, etc., for home use and export. Immigrants are at times arriving in great numbers. Zionists in 57 different countries are laboring for the restoration of the country.

#### THE LAST CONFLICT

We must not believe, however, that the colonization of Palestine will be permitted to go on indefinitely without interruption. The Jews themselves have a remarkable tradition to the effect that the rebuilding of their country will be the occasion of a terrible war. According to that tradition, there were in the camp of Israel, shortly after the time of Moses, two prophets, Eldad and Medad, who spoke about this final struggle. In the Targum of Jonathan Ben Uzziel, their prophecy is quoted thus:

"Behold a king shall come from the land of Magog in the last days, and shall gather the kings together, and leaders clothed with armor, and all people shall obey them; and they shall wage war in the land of Israel against the children of the captivity; but the hour of lamentation has been long prepared for them, for they shall be slain by the flame of fire,



which shall proceed from under the throne of glory, and their dead bodies shall fall on the mountains of the land of Israel, and all the wild beasts of the field, and the wild fowl of heaven shall come and devour the carcasses; and afterwards all the dead of Israel shall rise again to life, and shall enjoy delights prepared for them from the beginning, and shall receive the reward of their works."

This remarkable prophecy, which only tradition has preserved, might not be worthy of mention but for the fact that the Apostle John in the Revelation predicts this last struggle in the Holy Land, (See Rev. 16:16-21.) very much in the same language.

It is not impossible that such a struggle is near at hand. The Arabs are even now the enemies of the Jews. As recently as on April 8, the natives at Nablous attacked the Jews there, on the occasion of the visit of the Earl of Balfour, and at Damascus the hotel in which he registered was attacked. Several casualties occurred before the mob was dispersed. That proves that if the Mohammedans should be united under some strong leader, hostility against the Jews in Palestine might

take form and grow into that conflict, which according to John, is to culminate in the battle at Armageddon—the Mountain of Megiddo. And perhaps we may note here that the final conflict according to the prophet, seems to be waged largely in the air. John says the seventh angel "poured out his vial into the air." The air was thus cursed. "And there were voices, and thunders and lightnings." Furthermore, "there fell upon men a great hail out of heaven, every stone about the weight of a talent, and men blasphemed because of the plague of the hail; for the plague thereof was exceeding great." (Rev. 16:16-21.) The hail stones in this vision weighed a talent, about 117 pounds, and the entire description reminds one strikingly of air squadrons spreading destruction by means of bombs from the sky.

Be that as it may, the time for great events is approaching. The people of the Lord should not forget His word, "Behold, I come as a thief. Blessed is he that watcheth, and keepeth his garments."

### Mother

"Who is it knows just what to do  
When things go wrong and life looks blue?  
Who is it sings amid her care,  
And smiles when shadows bring despair?  
Who is it through her changeless day  
Unchanging goes her faithful way?  
Who is it keeps the light, the home,  
Still sweet howe'er her loved may roam?

Mother.

"Who is it wins the crown she wears,  
When love lays wreaths upon gray hairs,  
And joys on wings of softest gleam  
Leads home her little ships of dream?  
Who is it, though she goes not down  
Each day to business in the town,  
Still lifts her burden, toils her share,  
Fulfills her trust and meets her care?

Mother.



# SUNDAY SCHOOL WORK

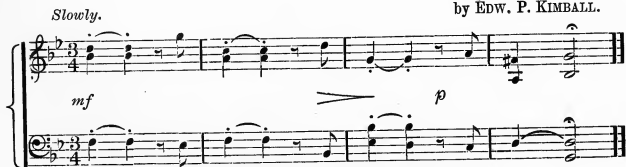


## Superintendents' Department

General Superintendency, David O McKay, Stephen L. Richards and Geo. D. Pyper

### Prelude

Adapted from HANDEL.  
by EDW. P. KIMBALL.



### SACRAMENT GEM FOR JULY

(S. S. Songs, No. 289.)

"May the grace of Christ, our Savior,  
And the Father's boundless love,  
With the Holy Spirit's favor,  
Rest upon us from above."

### Postlude



### CONCERT RECITATION FOR JULY, 1925

(Doctrine and Covenants, Section 119, Verse 6, of a Revelation given through Joseph Smith, the Prophet, in relation to Tithing)

"And I say unto you, if my people observe not this law, to keep it holy, and by this law sanctify the land of Zion unto me, that my statutes and my judgments may be kept thereon, that it may be most holy, behold, verily I say unto you, it shall not be a land of Zion unto you."



## UNIFORM FAST DAY LESSON

Subject: Why do I believe that if we are to become the kind of people the Lord has intended, we must pay our tithing.

"Where your treasure is, there is your heart also."

The average human being, no matter what his age, location, intelligence or social position, takes pride in his material possessions. Any demands upon holdings is a challenge to that instinctive desire to possess and hold property. He is willing to let go only when he is assured of some benefits, rewards, gains or advantages to him. Not one of us will permit ourselves to be dispossessed, if we can prevent it. These things give us earthly comfort, happiness and conveniences. They determine for us the extent to which we shall enjoy life. Any invasion upon our property holdings means ordinarily a decrease in our enjoyments and security. But we are generally willing to exchange the things we have for something else if it promises to add to our happiness. We first must have confidence in the one with whom we are dealing; and be convinced that we want what is offered to us in the transaction.

If I accept your personal word or promise to do a certain thing for me in exchange for something I possess, by that very act, I exhibit my faith in you, your honesty, and your ability to do the thing you promise. Upon that faith are founded all transactions between individuals, states, and nations.

But how about our dealings with the Lord? He says to us: "Pay to me your tithing, one-tenth of your increase, and I will give you certain blessings, among them being salvation and exaltation."

Query: Do we believe Him? Do we have faith in His promises and His ability to give those blessings?

Just as we answer those questions for

ourselves, just so will we act. When we pay our tithing, it is the finest evidence of our belief in Him. It tells further, that we want to exchange our one-tenth for the blessings He offers. If we refuse or fail to accept the Lord's offer, all pretences that we believe in Him are hollow; or else we give proof that we place little value upon the blessings He promises.

What are these blessings? Search the scriptures, ancient and modern. Among them, are blessings that advance toward eternal life in His Kingdom. Is that worth while? Do we want it? Evidently many, probably most Latter-day Saints do consider the Lord's proposition a very attractive one. Ask any man or woman, boy or girl, who pays tithing, if the Lord has ever failed him or her. If, on the other hand, we refuse to pay tithing, it is equivalent to saying to the Lord: I want no such agreement. This absolves the Lord from any responsibility to give us the blessings connected with the payment of tithing. We give Him to understand that we shall keep the ten-tenths of our income; that we are going to depend upon our own ability to get what we desire, both in this world and the world to come.

But there is another serious aspect to the failure to pay one's tithing. It constitutes disobedience and no one who disobeys the commandments of the Lord can enter into His presence.

What we give to the Lord as tithing, belongs to Him. He has provided for its care and use. It does not belong to us; therefore, it is no concern of ours. It has passed out of our hands in the transaction. The servants of the Lord are responsible to Him alone for its proper use. Our interest is to receive the blessings which belong to us, as a result of our obedience, our acceptance of His plan to bring us back to dwell with Him. And to bring to pass the immortality and exaltation of His people is the Lord's plan. Tithing is one of the steps in this course.



Committee: Charles B. Felt, Chairman; Harold G. Reynolds, Henry H. Rolapp and Robert L. Judd

## WORK FOR JULY, 1925

(For Sunday Schools having only three departments)

**Theological**—Text: "Outlines of Ecclesiastical History," by B. H. Roberts.

**Intermediate**—Text: "Our Church and People," by John Henry Evans.

**Primary**—Text: "Bible and Church History Stories."

See respective departments, this issue, for outlines.



# CHORISTERS and ORGANISTS' DEPARTMENT

*Edward P. Kimball, Chairman; Tracy Y. Cannon, and P. Melvin Petersen*

## SONG ANALYSIS

"Onward Christian Soldiers," D. S. S.  
Songs, No. 217

By Edward P. Kimball

One authority has called this song "the best-known and most popular marching hymn of the Christian Church." Another: "This stirring poem is the chief marching hymn in the English language." The fact that the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints has borrowed this hymn should not cause it to be used with less enthusiasm than though it had been written for us by one of our own people. We are told in the book of Doctrine and Covenants, "Seek ye out of the best books words of wisdom; seek learning even by study and also by faith. (88:118.) Nor can we overlook the last Article of Faith: "If there is anything virtuous, lovely, or of good report or praiseworthy, we seek after these things." Having found desirable things, we then may remember Paul's admonition to the Thessalonians: "Prove all things: hold fast to that which is good." Whatever agrees in principle and spirit with the Gospel of Jesus Christ is desirable, and should be used by the Church if it be helpful, no matter where it is found.

The author of this splendid song was the Rev. Sabine Baring Gould, born at Exeter, England, Jan. 28, 1835; rector in the Church of England, and versatile writer of biography, history, legend, fiction and religious topics. On Whit Monday of 1865, the Sunday school children in the village where the author resided were to march to a neighboring village. He desired the children to sing while marching, but could find nothing suitable. He sat up all night and wrote this hymn. The exigency of the moment may be better understood if we read his own words: "It was written in great haste, and I am afraid some of the rymes are faulty. Certainly, nothing has surprised me more than its popularity." To the words, Sir

Arthur Sullivan gave one of the most stirring tunes, conquering and majestic, to be found in all hymnody.

In the study of this song, choristers and organists are directed to review carefully the outline for this work and the song presented in the Juvenile Instructor of April, 1925. In one of the larger conventions an additional sub-topic was evolved, which this committee is pleased to append to the general outline. It should be inserted as "C" under "3" (analysis of music) of the general topic "How to outline a song for study," and is as follows:

C. Singableness; range, intervals, repeated notes, etc.

Attention is also directed to the metaphor so prevalent all through this poem. Special pains should be given to making clear all poetic expressions which otherwise might be meaningless to the children. The song is chosen for July because of its holy martial character. The manner of studying salient features of such songs has been dwelt upon so frequently, and all details of such procedure are given so completely in the outline as presented in April that the process will not be gone through with again here. If copies of the Juvenile Instructor are not available to all members of the department in Union Meeting, the stake chorister should have sufficient copies of the outline struck off for the choristers and organists so that the discussion may be entered into by all.

It might be reiterated that additional features might be added to the outline, and some of it might be worked out in a different manner or sequence, but we repeat that no chorister has prepared his lesson thoroughly unless at least the details contained in the outline have had consideration.

Another fine and appropriate song for use during July is No. 128, "Battle Hymn of the Republic." Either of these songs can be made alive again if a study of them is made as has been suggested above.

*For men may rise on stepping stones of their dead selves to  
higher things.—Tennyson.*



# PARENTS' DEPARTMENT

*Henry H. Rolapp, Chairman; Howard R. Driggs, Charles H. Hart,  
George N. Child, and Milton Bennion*

## LESSONS FOR JULY

**First Sunday, July 5, 1925**

Uniform Fast Day Lesson

**Subject:** Why do I believe that if we are to become the kind of people the Lord has intended, we must pay our tithing? (See Superintendents' Department for helpful suggestions.)

**Second Sunday, July 12, 1925**

**Subject:** Feeding the Child.

**Text:** "Talks to Parents on Home and Life Problems," Section VII, Part I.

**Objective:** To teach the necessity and the value of properly regulating the diet of children.

**Supplementary References:** Same as those at the end of Section VI, p. 45. Also recent text books on Foods, such as those used in high school and college classes in Domestic Science.

**Suggestions on Preparation and Presentation:** In case the class supervisor is not versed in the chemistry of foods and the most recent theories of nutrition experts it will be well to seek the aid of a physician, trained nurse, or domestic science teacher. Parents will be more impressed with the necessity of a properly regulated diet for their children if they know why they should have milk, green leaf vegetables, fresh fruit, etc.

### Questions for Teachers

1. How is nutrition related to health and growth during the period of childhood?
2. What particular foods, or types of food, are best for children? Why?

**Third Sunday, July 19, 1925**

**Subject:** What Growing Children Need.

**Text:** Section VII, Part II.

**Objective:** To make clear the needs of children with respect to clothing, shelter, sleeping and toilet facilities.

**Supplementary References:** Same as for the preceding lesson; also Kinne and Cooley—Shelter and Clothing, The Macmillan Co., N. Y., 1914. Ellwell, Georgia Belle—Selection of Clothing for Children, Extension Di-

vision Bulletin, No. 27, 1919, University of Idaho.

**Suggestions on Preparation and Presentation.** A physician, trained nurse, or domestic science teacher should be able to give valuable assistance in preparation and presentation of this lesson. Consider especially how children may be clothed too much as well as too little; how houses may be over-heated as well as under-heated, especially in winter; and how the toilet habits of children may be neglected.

### Questions for Teachers

1. By what principles should parents be guided in clothing their children?
2. Why should a well child have some exercise out of doors even in winter?

**Fourth Sunday, July 26, 1925**

**Subject:** Habits and Discipline.

**Text:** Section VII, Part II.

**Objective:** To teach the essentials of good discipline with special reference to habit formation.

**Supplementary References:** Same as given on page 45—Talks to Parents. Also O'Shea, M. V. (Editorial supervisor)—"The Child; His Nature and His Needs." The Children's Foundation, Valparaiso, Indiana, 1924. This excellent volume of 500 pages is sold at less than cost of publication. If interested, write at once for price, postage and terms. Study especially chapters II and III.

**Suggestions on Preparation and Presentation:** In preparation of this lesson very careful attention should be given to the study of the mind of the child—his instincts, emotions, and understanding; this is essential to the determination of the best methods of control. A professionally trained kindergarten or primary teacher should be able to give valuable assistance.

### Questions for Teachers

1. Name some ways in which the mind of the child differs from that of the adult.
2. Why should development rather than repression be emphasized in child training?



# THEOLOGICAL DEPARTMENT

*General Board Committee: First and Second Years, Robert L. Judd; Third and Fourth Years, Albert E. Bowen.*

## First Year—The Apostles of Jesus Christ

First Sunday, July 5, 1925

### Uniform Fast Day Lesson

Subject: Why do I believe that if we are to become the kind of people the Lord has intended, we must pay our tithing? (Helpful suggestions may be found in the Superintendents' Department, this issue.)

Second Sunday, July 12, 1925

### Lesson 18. Conversion of Paul, Chapter 20, "Apostles of Jesus Christ"

After developing the spread of the Church throughout the surrounding country spend the balance of the class period with the conversion of Saul.

Saul of tribe of Benjamin—a Roman by birth. When Jesus in carpenter shop Saul a young man of Tarsus, a university town—world market—particularly of lumber. His father a merchant—Saul learned trade of tent-maker. When a youth, sent to Jerusalem to great Jewish college. Was through college at about thirty years of age—at time of death of Stephen.

#### Questions for Teachers

1. When did Saul do more for mankind—while active as persecutor, or while active as a servant of the Lord?

2. Compare the work and influence of men once active in the Church with their work and influence after leaving the Church. Make application to lives of students.

Third Sunday, July 19, 1925

### Lesson 19. Peter at Work. Chapters 20, 21 "Apostles of Jesus Christ"

In this lesson the power and leadership of Peter is made manifest in various ways:

1. His miracles at Lydda, Joppa and elsewhere.

2. His vision as to the Gospel going to the gentiles.

3. He baptized Cornelius and others.

4. His return to Jerusalem and his explanation to his quorum as to why he baptized Cornelius.

5. The change in policy as there adopted.

Are matters of policy and doctrine handled in our Church today in the same way? Give instances.

#### Questions for Teachers

1. Why was it that Peter and others held that the Gospel was for the Jews alone?

2. Discuss the effect of the policy adopted by the Church following and brought about by the baptism of Cornelius.

Fourth Sunday, July 26, 1925

### Lesson 20. The Church at Antioch Chapter 22, "Apostles of Jesus Christ"

In this lesson after covering the subject matter as set out in the text develop by way of application:

1. Compare missionary work as carried on by Barnabas and Paul with missionary work today.

2. A comparison of the founding of the church at Antioch with the founding of the Latter-day Church at Kirtland, Ohio.

3. Note the early use of the term "Christian" and "Mormons." What in the lives of the people brought about respect for the term "Christian?" What will bring about respect for the term "Mormon?"

4. Give instances of help given in latter days by one body of saints to another.

5. Point out how the Gospel cemented the divers races and peoples at Antioch, and how the same gospel in the same way cements the different peoples and nationalities who come to Zion today?

#### Questions for Teachers

1. What is there in the Gospel which can hold all nationalities in one church?

2. Why has missionary work done such an important part of the duty of the church in all ages?



## Advanced Theological Department

### OUTLINES OF ECCLESIASTICAL HISTORY

First Sunday, July 5, 1925

#### Uniform Fast Day Lesson

Subject: Why do I believe that if we are to become the kind of people the Lord has intended, we must pay our tithing? (Helpful suggestions may be found in the Superintendents' Department, this issue.)

Second Sunday, July 12, 1925

#### Lesson 18.

Text: Part 2, chapter VIII. The Apostasy among the Nephites.

Objective: To show that disobedience shuts men off from the blessings of God.

#### Suggestions to Teachers

To the end that the grievous consequences of departure from God's teachings may be made to appear, the narrative in the text supplemented as fully as may be, should be reviewed.

#### Questions for Teachers

1. Was there any value to the world in giving it Christianity if it was known that the world would not abide its teachings?

2. What, if anything, was the value to the world of a corrupted Christianity?

Third Sunday, July 19, 1925

#### Lesson 19. The Rise of Protestantism

Text: Part 3, chapter 1, pp. 205-208, and notes 1 and 2.

Objective: To show the preparation of events for the demand of freedom of religious thought.

#### Questions for Teachers

1. What is meant by the expressions, "The Dark Ages?" "The Revival of Learning?"

2. What relation do you find between the state of mental advancement of a people and the state of its political and religious liberty.

In addition to references cited in the text, it is suggested that almost any good school text on Europe in the Middle Age

or Medieval History, will afford highly interesting and instructive information relative to events connected with this lesson. It is suggested that the teacher search out such references as are available to him and assign members of the class to report in greater detail than is given by the text upon the vast temporal power attained by the Papacy during the Dark Ages; the leading events contributing to that great intellectual awakening commonly spoken of as the "Revival of Learning;" the crusades, and the effect of all these upon the political and economic condition of the people of Europe. The teacher should so guide the discussion as to leave clear the conception that the course of events was so shaped as to bring about the emancipation of human thought, which, in turn, expressed itself in the demand for political and economic freedom.

Fourth Sunday, July 26, 1925

#### Lesson 20. The Rise of Protestantism (Continued)

References: Text, pp. 208-227.

Objective: To show that Protestantism was a revolt against existing abuses, rather than a church founded by Special Sanction.

#### Questions for Teachers

1. What is the history of indulgences as sanctioned by the church in Luther's time?

2. What was the net result of the revolution inaugurated by Luther?

It should be developed here that Luther was not seeking to establish a new church, and that he claimed no special authorization for so doing. Rather he sought to purge the church of certain evils. The intimate union of church and state should be sensed, and the manner in which the church was used as an instrument for temporal and political ends should be developed. It should finally be made clear that with the advancement of learning came the accompanying desire for larger political and economic liberty and that these in turn led to the desire for fuller religious liberty. As suggested in connection with the previous lesson, outside assignments should be made, and reports submitted to the class, reviewing the incidents of the struggle. The difference should be made clear between a revolt against abuses in the church, and the founding of a church under Divine command.



# SECOND INTERMEDIATE DEPARTMENT

*General Board Committee: First and Second Years, Adam S. Bennion, Chairman; Third and Fourth Years, Alfred C. Rees, Chairman, and T. Albert Hooper.*

## First Year—Our Church and People

First Sunday, July 5, 1925

### Uniform Fast Day Lesson

Subject: Why do I believe that if we are to become the kind of people the Lord has intended, we must pay our tithing? (Helpful suggestions may be found in the Superintendents' Department, this issue.)

Second Sunday, July 12, 1925

### Lesson 18. Over the Great Waters

Text: Chapter 18, "Our Church and People," by Evans.

Objective: To teach that needful sacrifices for the work of the Lord never go unrewarded.

Supplementary References: "Life of Wilford Woodruff," "History of the Church," Vol. III; "Essentials of Church History," "Leaves from My Journal," Chapters 21-23.

### Suggestions on Preparation and Presentation

Compare the experiences of these missionaries with those of our elders of today. Why were the former so much more successful?

Show how these men were afterwards blessed and their children after them. What was the immediate effect upon the Church of this great success? Give examples from daily life of sacrifices that bring us blessings. We must pay the price of every blessing we crave. To want to get something for nothing is hardly fair.

### Questions for Teachers

(At least one week before the Union Meeting in your Stake at which this lesson will be considered, send your written answers to these questions to the stake board member who supervises the work of your class.)

1. Give a brief sketch of the later lives of the men who made such sacrifices to go on these missions.

2. Does anyone become truly great without great sacrifices?

Third Sunday, July 19, 1925

### Lesson 19. Two Worlds to Conquer

Text: "Our Church and People," by Evans, chapter 19.

Objective: To teach that there is a definite and certain relation of cause and effect between conduct in this life and reward in the life to come.

Supplementary References: The Vision, Doc. and Cov., Sec. 76. All blessings are predicated on conditions, Doc. and Cov. 30:19-21.

Suggestions on Preparation and Presentation: The vision of the three glories is a wonderful and impressive piece of literature. Copious selections from it may be read in the class and commented upon by both teacher and pupils.

### Questions for Teachers

1. Why do spirits seem so anxious to possess a body?

2. What are the chief points of difference between spirits, mortals, and resurrected beings, so far as they have been revealed?

Fourth Sunday, July 26, 1925

### Lesson 20. For Time and Eternity

Text: "Our Church and People," by Evans, chapter 20.

Objective: To teach the benefit of doing things properly in this life so as to secure what we shall most desire in the next.

Supplementary References: Doc. and Cov., Sec. 132:6-14. Peter was given power by Jesus "to bind on earth and it should be bound in heaven, and to loose on earth and it should be loosed in heaven."

Suggestion on Preparation and Presentation: Show the necessity of complying with the laws of the land in all business transactions to make them valid here. Society could not hold together without compliance with law. Deeds, contracts, transfers of stock and other property, making a will, and all kinds of business transactions are governed by law. Law also prevails in the heavens



and must be complied with to get heavenly blessings.

#### Questions for Teachers

1. What can we do to make our home more nearly ideal?
2. In what respects is "God's house a house of order?"

### Third Year—What It Means to be A Mormon

#### LESSONS FOR JULY

First Sunday, July 5, 1925

#### Uniform Fast Day Lesson

Subject: Why do I believe that if we are to become the kind of people the Lord has intended, we must pay our tithing? (See Superintendents' Department for suggestions).

Second Sunday, July 12, 1925

#### Lesson 18. Baptism

Objective: To teach that baptism correctly done by one having proper authority is a requirement made by the Lord.

General References: Text book, chapter 18; Talmage's "Articles of Faith," chapters 6 and 7; Roberts' "The Gospel," chapters 15, 16, 17 and 18. Rolapp's "Gospel Quotations" will also be helpful.

Problems and Illustrations: In the development and application of the subject discuss with the class: Baptism is necessary. The Lord has told the mode of baptism. It must be done by one duly authorized. It is of no consequence unless the recipient is prepared for it.

Note: Assign to members of the class the responsibility of getting passages from the Bible, the Book of Mormon, the Doctrine and Covenants. Let them read before the class the passages which strike them as being forceful in support of the subject.

#### Questions for Teacher

1. What are the two important purposes of baptism?

2. Why was it necessary for Christ to be baptized?

Third Sunday, July 19, 1925

#### Lesson 19. "The Holy Ghost"

Objective: To teach that the possession of the Holy Ghost will aid us toward success in temporal as well as spiritual things.

General References: Text book, chapter 19; Talmage's "Articles of Faith," chapter 8; Roberts' "The Gospel," chapters 19, 20 and 21.

Problems and Illustrations: In the development and application of the subject discuss with the class: There are other steps in the Gospel plan before the Holy Ghost can be received. A condition of bodily and moral cleanliness must be maintained if the Holy Ghost is to be retained. The Holy Ghost will enlighten our minds, give us knowledge and wisdom.

Why do our boys and girls excel in collegiate work?

Have the class recite the first and fourth Articles of Faith.

#### Questions for Teacher

1. When can one and how can one receive the Holy Ghost?
2. What or who is the Holy Ghost?

Fourth Sunday, July 26, 1925

#### Lesson 20. Prophecy

Objective: To teach that the prophecies of a true prophet will surely be fulfilled.

General References: Text book, chapter 20; Talmage's "Articles of Faith," chapter 16; Morris' "The Prophecies of Joseph Smith and Their Fulfillment."

Note: If the teacher will outline this lesson along the lines indicated in the questions in the text and supplement the text by the use of the references given above, a very profitable lesson can be had.

#### Questions for Teacher

1. What is prophecy?
2. Of what good is prophecy to the Church?

*Many a father fails because he has seemingly "joined" everything fraternal except his own home.—William Byron Forbush.*



# FIRST INTERMEDIATE DEPARTMENT

*General Board Committee: First and Second Years, George M. Cannon, Chairman, and Josiah Burrows; Third and Fourth Years, Horace Cummings, Chairman, and Eugene Hilton.*

## First Year—Book of Mormon

First Sunday, July 5, 1925

### Uniform Fast Day Lesson

Subject: Why do I believe that if we are to become the kind of people the Lord has intended, we must pay our tithing? (Helpful suggestions may be found in the Superintendents' Department, this issue).

Second Sunday, July 12, 1925

### Lesson 18.

Text: Mosiah, Chapters 19-22.

Objective: To teach that the Lord fulfils the words of His servants.

#### To Teachers:

First, let the story be told about Alma, his conversion, his missionary work, the secret organization of the Church. Call attention to the principles which he taught, especially baptism, tithing, etc.

Then follow the happenings among the people of Limhi, to show the literal fulfilment of the prophecies of Abinadi. What became of Noah? What was the manner of his death. What burdens did the Lamanites place upon the people? Relate their sufferings. Why was the Lord slow to hear their cries? What sort of man was Limhi? What effects were produced upon the people through the numerous battles with the Lamanites? Explain their plans for escape.

Tell about the party that had gone out to look for Zarahemla, but returned after having made a remarkable discovery. Describe the reception given by Mosiah at Zarahemla. Name some of the prophecies made by servants of the Lord concerning us. What did Isaiah say? What did Joseph Smith predict? Do we believe them? Why? Can we always depend upon the fulfilment of prophecy? These and other questions bearing on the fulfilment of prophecy should bring out the thought that the Lord's word can be depended upon, and it is our duty and privilege to find out what promises He has made to us. It is also our great blessing to have a prophet of the Lord at the head of the Church. When he speaks in the name of the Lord, will his words be fulfilled? Why do you think so?

### Questions for Teachers

1. What valued lessons may be drawn from the lives of such notable characters as Gideon, Limhi and Ammon?

2. What was the purpose of the persecutions of the Nephites? Cite a similar case from the Old Testament history.

Third Sunday, July 19, 1925

### Lesson 19.

Text: Mosiah, Chapters 23-24.

Objective: To teach that the Lord can hear our secret prayers.

#### To Teachers:

This lesson teaches the sublime faith of a people who are trying to serve the Lord. Describe the kind of people they were. Tell how the Lamanites happened to discover them. What were the results? Why did the people of Alma pray secretly? Do you think their burdens were actually made lighter? How did they escape? How was the Lord's power shown in that event? Do you think the Lord interests Himself in our personal welfare? Why do you think so? Relate incidents to support your belief in that regard. Have you had any personal experiences that prove to you that the Lord hears prayers? Name some of the occasions when this whole Church has prayed for relief. How did the answer come?

### Questions for Teachers

1. What important lesson and principle is involved in the attitude of Alma in declining to become king?

2. In what respect does the counsel of Alma apply directly to the qualifications and work of Sunday School teachers?

Fourth Sunday, July 26, 1925

### Lesson 20.

Text: Mosiah 27.

Objective: To teach that our parents are working and praying for our salvation.

#### To Teachers:

The beauty of this lesson radiates from verse 14, chapter 27. Alma, the father is busy directing the affairs of the Church, teaching the people, and encouraging them to be righteous. What



about his son Alma? Describe his attitude toward the things of the Lord? What kind of associates did he have? What was he doing when the angel appeared? Why did the angel come to him and Mosiah's sons, who were wicked? Read verse 14 to show the regard which the Lord has for the faith and prayers of good parents.

Let the class tell the story of Alma's vision and conversion. Here is an opportunity to impress the boys and girls with the solicitude which their parents have in the welfare and salvation of their children. Disobedient children cause suffering to their parents.

Do you think Alma, the father, suffered on account of his son's wickedness? What attitude should boys and girls of your class take toward their parents? What can children do to add joy to their parents? There are many incidents today where wayward children have been changed through the prayers of their parents. Relate any such stories to your class. The Lord may not send angels down, but he has many other ways of leading boys and girls back to lives of righteousness.

In conclusion, show the striking contrast in the feelings of Alma the father before his son's conversion, and after it. Is that not the feeling of every Latter-day Saints parents who may have a similar experience with their children?

The impression of love and loyalty to parents, by living righteous lives, should be left as a result of today's dramatic recital of Alma's conversion.

#### Questions for Teachers

1. In what respect does the teachings of Alma compare with the principles revealed to the Prophet Joseph Smith?
2. Explain the principles of the Gospel taught, and the manifestation of the Spirit referred to, in the remarkable experience of Alma and the sons of Mosiah?

### Third Year—Life of Christ

#### LESSONS FOR JULY

##### First Sunday, July 5, 1925

##### Uniform Fast Day Lesson

Subject: Why do I believe that if we are to become the kind of people the Lord has intended; we must pay our tithing? (See Superintendents' Department for suggestions).

Objective: To teach that the law of

tithing is from God and should be obeyed by all.

References: Lev. 27:30; Mal. 3:8-12; Doc. and Cov., Sec. 119; Gospel Doctrine, pp. 382-393; Articles of Faith, p. 459.

Problems and Questions: Discuss ways in which the lives of the children are touched by tithing. Through it their brother or perhaps their father was returned home after filling his mission; the temples and meetinghouses are built; schools maintained, etc.

Should children pay tithing? Have you paid tithing? If not when are you going to begin?

"Will a man rob God?" Read and discuss Malachi 3:8.

#### Topics:

- I. What tithing is.
  1. One tenth of one's earnings or increase.
  2. Recite: "I know what tithing is; I can tell you every time; Ten cents from a dollar, a nickle from a half and a penny from a dime."
- II. Why the Lord asks us to pay tithing.
  1. It helps us to recognize Him as the giver of all we have.
  2. It helps His Church to progress in the earth.
  3. It trains us to sacrifice for the advancement of truth.
  4. It prepares us to live higher laws.
- III. Promises to those who faithfully pay their tithing.
  1. They will increase in knowledge and testimony of God. (See Gospel Doctrine, p. 284.)
  2. They will not be burned in His coming. (Doc. and Cov. 4:23).
  3. God will prosper them. (Mal. 3:8-10).
- IV. Let the children relate instances wherein the tithe payer was blessed.

#### Second Sunday, July 12, 1925

##### Lesson 18.

References: John 6:5-21; Matt. 14:22-23; Weed, "Life of Christ for the Young," chapters 35 and 36; James E. Talmage, "Jesus the Christ," pp. 333-337.

Suggested Objective: To teach that as Christ is Master of this earth, so that even the elements obey and serve Him, so may we through faith ultimately gain such control.

Teachers: We get here a partial picture of the great popularity of Christ. Thousands followed Him—even forgetting to provide themselves with food.



When He marvelously provided it they with misdirected zeal strove to make Him King. The Jews had long remembered the manna that God had supplied the Children of Israel while they journeyed to the promised land. They looked for such things in their expected Messiah. Now that they had seen His power they proposed to crown Him King. While He in truth is and shall be King of this earth the time was not yet. He apparently did not want the apostles to become contaminated with such ideas so He sent them away. Vital lessons of truth can be drawn from the incident of His going apart and alone in the mountain, and of the mighty power shown in the incident of His walking upon the sea, and of the power of faith as is shown in the case of Peter's attempt and partial success.

#### Questions for Teachers

1. Since Christ was to be King of the Jews why did He not take this opportunity to be proclaimed such?
2. Why did Peter fail after starting to walk on the water?

#### Third Sunday, July 19, 1925

##### Lesson 19

References: Jno. 6:25-71; Matt. 15:21-31; Weed "Life of Christ for the Young," chapter 37 and 38; David O. McKay "Ancient Apostles" page 38-42; James E. Talmage, "Jesus the Christ," pages 337-344.

Objective: To teach that the Gospel of Christ—The Bread of Life—is essential to nourish our spiritual nature and that without it we become spiritually sick.

##### To Teachers:

Today's lesson is a narrative involving many points. It will be best however to build the lesson around some outstanding incident as is suggested in the objective listed above. Stress the idea of the beginning of "darkening opposition." Cases of healing while important have already been and will later likewise be stressed. The height of Christ's popularity is now reached. Approximately two years of His teaching have passed. Forces of evil now begin to combine against Him.

Many of those who have followed Him look only for bodily food and foolishly reject the vital and enduring Spiritual Food which He offers. As the Master observed the disgruntled masses leave Him note the pathos of His question to His Apostles, as He doubtless wondered if they too would be offended at

the Truth. "Will ye also go away?" He asked. Analyze the answer of Peter who spoke for the faithful Apostles: "Lord to whom shall we go? Thou hast the words of Eternal Life, and we know," etc.

Notice that in the healings that immediately follow the "turning away" of the crowd Christ took the favored ones having faith to be healed aside from the multitude and administered to them. Notice also that all the healings by the power of God are not accomplished with suddenness as is indicated by the fact that the blind man was healed by stages. Do you know of similar cases in our day?

#### Questions for Teachers

1. How and when are we today fed the Bread of Life?
2. Why did Christ take both the deaf man and the blind man away from the crowd to heal them?

#### Fourth Sunday, July 26, 1925

##### Lesson 20.

References: Matt. 16:13-23; 17:1-21; Weed, "Life of Christ for the Young," chapters 39 and 40; David O. McKay, "Ancient Apostles," pp. 45-54; James E. Talmage, "Jesus the Christ," pp. 360-376.

Objective: To teach the value of a testimony of Christ's divinity.

#### Suggestions to Teachers

By use of your wall map you can indicate the journey taken by Jesus up through Tyre and Sidon and thence over by Mt. Hermon. Near here He miraculously fed another great multitude.

Later as He journeyed northward with His disciple He taught them. In the famous dialogue recorded wherein Peter proclaims his knowledge of Christ's divinity is opportunity to stress the fact that the true Church is and always will be founded upon the Rock of Revelation. Do not overlook the fact that Peter had received his wonderful knowledge by revelation from God. Should we not present the Transfiguration as a beautiful and glorious event? Through it Christ was strengthened for the ordeal ahead of Him. The three apostles who were later to be the leaders of the Church doubtless received keys of past dispensations and were further impressed with their Leader's great mission. The importance of the occasion is evident, because the Eternal Father's voice is heard again proclaiming His Son and giving the command: "Hear ye Him." Study and



meditate on this lesson and you will see the majesty and beauty in the great truths that are herein taught. Vitalize its presentation and remember that the foundation of an abiding testimony of the truth is laid in early life. What an opportunity a Sunday School teacher has!

### Questions for Teachers

1. What is the purpose in the Savior's question "whom say ye that I am?"
2. How can each of us come to know the great truth of Christ's divinity?



*Chas. B. Felt, Chairman; Frank K. Seegmiller; assisted by Florence Horne Smith, and Mabel Cook*

### WORK FOR JULY, 1925

#### Preview Questions

1. What lesson should we get from the story of "Respect for the Lord's Anointed"?
2. If the Lord should say to you as He said to Solomon, "Ask what I shall give thee," what, in your opinion, would be the most valuable gift for you?
3. In what ways are you interested in the Temples of the Lord in our day, and in what way may they have an important bearing on your future?
4. How may we gain wisdom in the Lord's appointed way?
5. What evidence is there in Lesson 28 that all things animate and inanimate are subject to God's control?

#### First Sunday, July 7, 1925

#### Uniform Fast Day Lesson

**Subject:** Why do I believe that if we are to become the kind of people God has intended we must pay our tithing?

**Aim:** The Lord blesses those who gladly pay their tithing.

**Lesson:** Show me your two hands. How many little fingers have you? Let's suppose that each finger is a dime and all of them are your own. What would you do with your money? (Let several children respond.) There is one thing that every Latter-day Saint should do with a part of his money before he even thinks of spending the rest. It is this much. (Hide one finger.) What should we do with that part? When Heavenly Father blesses us with money, don't you think that we should be willing to give back to Him just a little of it? He only asks for one part and lets us keep nine. What do we call this tenth? To whom do we pay it? The bishop takes our

tithes and gives it to the Church heads to build schools, meetinghouses, temples, etc. This very meetinghouse we are in was partly built by tithing money.

Not only is it our duty to pay tithing, but we receive blessings by doing so. Have any of you ever paid tithing? Tell us about it. I know of a little girl who pays hers gladly whenever she earns money.

Ivy lived far away in England. Missionaries often came to her home and talked with the family. One night they talked about tithing. They explained how one part of our earnings belonged to the Lord. Mary listened to them with interest, for they made a problem come to her mind which she alone could solve. It was this: She had saved some money for a new dress which she needed badly. If she paid her tithing she would not have enough money for the dress and it might be a long time before she could make up the amount. What would you have done? She decided to pay the tithe. Oh, how proud she was when she received a piece of paper which showed that she had paid her tithing! She kept on saying to herself, "Even if I haven't the new dress I am happy for I have done what was right."

Because of her unselfishness the Lord did bless Ivy, for, next day a letter came for her through the mail from her brother who was far away in Utah. What do you think was in it? Yes, some money. Ivy was so pleased that she almost wept for joy. Of course she soon had a new dress which meant more to her than any dress she had ever owned before.

We aren't always blessed with things which we need after paying tithing as Ivy was. We are blessed in many ways which we can't see at the time. Above



all, we are made happy because we are helping our Church and pleasing whom? Heavenly Father.

In order to help us remember how much tithing to pay I know a little verse which reads:

"I'm sure I know what tithing is,  
I can tell it every time;  
I give ten cents from a dollar  
And one penny from a dime."  
(Memorize.)

#### Lesson 25. Respect for the Lord's Anointed

Text: "Bible and Church History Stories."

References: Kent, "Founders and Rulers of United Israel," pp. 97-100; 106-108; Tanner, "Old Testament Studies," Vol. II, chapter 4; Morton, W. A., "Good Stories for Boys and Girls." (Teachers may supplement this lesson and the following lessons of this month with related stories from Brother Morton's book. Do not allow yourselves to side track the regular work with these stories.)

#### Second Sunday, July 12, 1925

##### Lesson 26. A Wise King

Text: "Bible and Church History Stories."

References: Kent, "Founders and Rulers of United Israel," pp. 189-192; Tanner, "Old Testament Studies," Vol. II, Chapter 7.

#### Third Sunday, July 19, 1925

##### Lesson 27. God's House

Text: "Bible and Church History Stories."

References: Kent, "Founders and Rulers of United Israel," pp. 198-201; Tanner, "Old Testament Studies," Vol. II, Chapter 8.

#### Fourth Sunday, July 26, 1925

##### Lesson 28. The Great Drought

Text: "Bible and Church History Stories."

References: Kent, "Kings and Prophets of Israel and Judah," (See Index); Tanner, "Old Testament Studies," Vol. II, Chapters 11, 12, 13.

## Mothers' Day Prayer

*Lord Jesus, Thou hast known  
A mother's love and tender care,  
And Thou wilt hear while for my own  
Mother most dear I make this birthday prayer.*

*Protect her life, I pray,  
Who gave the gift of life to me;  
And may she know, from day to day,  
The deepening glow of life that comes from Thee.*

*As once upon her breast  
Fearless and well content I lay,  
So let her heart, in Thee at rest,  
Feel fear depart and troubles fade away.*

*Her every wish fulfill;  
And even if Thou must refuse  
In anything, let Thy wise will  
A comfort bring such as kind mothers use.*

*Ah, hold her by the hand,  
As once her hand held mine;  
And though she may not understand  
Life's winding way lead her in peace divine.*

*I can not pay my debt  
For all the love that she has given;  
But Thou, Lord, wilt not forget  
Her due reward—bless her in earth and heaven.*

—Henry Van Dyke.



# KINDERGARTEN DEPARTMENT

*Wm. A. Morton, Chairman; Charles J. Ross; assisted by Ina Johnson and Blanche Love Gee*

## LESSONS FOR JULY

### First Sunday, July 5, 1925

Text: "Sunday Morning in the Kindergarten," Lesson 55. Doc and Cov. 64:21-24; 97:11; 119:17; III Nephi 24:7-12.

Topic: Paying of Tithes.

Objective: To teach that the spirit in which we give and the sacrifice made is pleasing unto our Heavenly Father.

Rest Exercise: Playing soldiers and let a few children at a time show you how soldiers march. Then let others show how until every child has had a turn. This will aid in better marching.

#### Suggestions to Teachers

The underlying thought of this lesson is that we should be so thankful for what we have that we should express our thankfulness by sharing with others. Pioneers paid their tithes in whatever they had. Lead the children to see the purpose of such a law. That those who give are blessed as well as those who receive.

When do we pay tithing on Fast Day? To whom do we pay it?

Father works that he might earn money to give others. Heavenly Father is pleased when we help His children.

A thought for teachers.

#### The Little Tenth

I'm only just a little tenth,  
Perhaps you say so small,  
When measured is this world of Wealth  
I count for naught at all.

But in the sight of One who loves the  
giver of the mite,  
He gave the law of tithing that all may  
help aright.

For oft our hearts in selfishness to world-  
ly gain are given,

But that greater gain in tithing's law,  
Brings blessings rich from Heaven.

—B. L. G.

Bring it down to the child's life; how can he save his pennies and help the poor instead of buying candy?

Let children memorize the verse on page 169 in "Sunday Morning in the Kindergarten."

### Second Sunday, July 12, 1925

Text: "Sunday Morning in the Kindergarten," Lesson 19.

Topic: Loyalty to God and our country.

Objective: To teach that loyalty to our flag and its meaning helps us to become better citizens.

Rest Exercise: Let children play they have a flag, help them to learn how to hold it, wave it and salute it. Let them sing, "Many Flags in Many Lands."

#### Suggestions to Teachers

The underlying thought is that every true American respects his flag. When a person respects a flag he is willing and anxious to live up to what the flag stands for. The flag is a reminder to do right.

Show the flag to the children. Talk about the colors and what they stand for. Help the children to see how they can be brave, true and pure.

Present each child with a cut-out flag on which is written; "Red says be brave. White says be pure, Blue says be true."

Don't forget teachers to have the children each Sunday give you the thought they took home on their cut-out picture as that is their preparation.

### Third Sunday, July 19, 1925

Text: "Sunday Morning in the Kindergarten," Lesson 21.

Topic: A Pioneer's story—Courage to do right.

Objective: To teach that courage to do right wins favor of God and man.

Rest Exercise: Same as last Sunday.

#### Suggestions to Teachers

To be brave and do right is the theme. Lead the children to see what the Pioneer's did for our country. Show them pictures of a desert or a barren piece of land, then show them a picture of tents and log cabins. Also one of a city, leading them to see the wonderful progress that has been made by our forefathers, or rather results of their labor. Show pictures of how they traveled.

If pictures cannot be obtained draw the pictures on the black board.

Show the children how to make a camp wagon out of a piece of paper and a match box with a string tied on, and bring to class next Sunday.

### Fourth Sunday, July 26, 1925

Text: Same as last Sunday.

Topic: Same as last Sunday.



Rest Exercise: Let children be pioneers and push handcars and sing the song they sang, "Some may push, and some may pull, As merrily on the way we go."

#### Suggestions to Teachers

Let the children dramatize and be the pioneers. The chairs in the circle represent the mountains, the inside the valley. Teachers should if possible have some sage brush, tents, and a log cabin and put in the valley. Let the children draw

their wagons and form in same position as pioneers. While the children are traveling the teachers sing, "Come, Come, Ye Saints."

#### Preview Questions for July

1. How can we become better citizens?
2. Name the foremost characteristics of the Utah Pioneers.
3. Show the spirit of unselfishness manifested in the pioneer journey.
4. How can we do honor to our pioneers?



SAN PEDRO BRANCH TLALPAN CONFERENCE, MEXICAN MISSION  
Missionaries in back row, left to right: Elders N. R. McAuley, J. A. Peart,  
D. T. Burningham

#### My Mother's Smile

You talk to me of gems and gold,  
And treasures well worth while;  
But I have one exceeding all—  
My mother's loving smile.

The days may come, the days may  
go,  
And bring me changes great,  
But while my mother's smile I see,  
I laugh at cruel fate.

This world has many charms, I  
know,  
Which eye and ear beguile;  
I turn from all in joy to greet  
My mother's loving smile.

And may no act or word of mine,  
I pray from day to day,  
Bring sadness on that loving face,  
And drive the smile away.

—Selected.



# RELIGION CLASSES

*Written for the General Church Board of Education by Harrison R. Merrill,  
Brigham Young University*

## Religion Class Session Successful

The annual Religion Class convention which was held Sunday morning, April 5, in Barratt Hall proved to be unusually successful. Although the hour set for the meeting was eight o'clock, long before the hour, Religion Class workers from all parts of the Church began to file in, and by the time meeting had convened, the entire lower floor of the hall was filled and a number of seats in the gallery were occupied.

The special music for the session was furnished by a group of Religion Class children from Logan, directed by Professor Alfred M. Durham. The little tots sang two numbers, both of which met with hearty approval. Elder John A. Widsøe, who had charge of the meeting, asked them to repeat their first song.

The second number furnished by the children was Professor Durham's own composition, "Ode To Utah—This Is The Place." This little song was beautifully rendered by the children all of whom sang lustily even to the parts where half of the group responds to the other half, or echoes the other half. Secretary William A. Morton gained permission from Professor Durham to have the song—words and music—printed in the "Juvenile" where it will be accessible to all of the classes of the Church.

Franklin S. Davis, secretary of the Church Board of Education, then made a brief report, showing rather remarkable growth in membership. Incomplete returns show an enrollment of 56,000 an increase of 8,000 over the previous year. Mr. Davis called attention to the fact that nearly any question pertinent to the Religion Class work is answered in the Hand Book, a copy of which should be in the possession of all of the workers. He, however, welcomed questions, the answers to which cannot be found in the hand book.

## The Responsibility of This Great Movement in Spiritualizing Education

Guy C. Wilson, president of the L. D. S. University, was the second speaker of the convention. He said, in part, talking to the subject, "The Responsibility of this Great Movement in Spiritualizing

Education," "The term responsibility implies that there are two parties—the people who ought to do certain things, and the people who ought to receive." To whom are these people—Religion Class workers—responsible?

"In the first place, we are living in a Christian nation. At the head of this government is the spirit of prayer or at least a form of prayer."

The speaker then declared that prayer is used in nearly all of the activity of the nation.

"We need only go back to the Pilgrim Fathers," he continued, "to Valley Forge where General Washington bent the knee in supplication; to the time when the battle of Gettysburg was under way and the great emancipator was on his knees supplicating God, to learn that the spirit of prayer has actuated this nation.

"We feel this morning the spirit of prayer—the same spirit that was manifested by McKinley, Woodrow Wilson, and by our present president."

President Wilson then gave some statistics to show that the nation at large is in need of a spiritual awakening. He declared that fifty-eight million of our American people belong to no church, and that of those who have their names on church records, millions are inactive and are not reached by church teachings.

"The question arises," he concluded, "Whose responsibility is it to spiritualize this nation? I don't wish to say that the Religion Class is responsible, but I do wish to say that these figures give us an idea of our job.

"Moses was led up on the mountain and was given a vision of the whole world. The Master said to him, 'This is my work and my glory to bring to pass the immortality and eternal life of man.' Everyone who takes upon himself the name of Christ, must take upon himself Christ's job.

"There are twenty-eight million people in this country under the age of twenty-five who have no religious contact. Three out of every four young people under the age of eighteen have no religious instruction. We are rapidly becoming spiritual illiterates. Five and one-third million children between the ages of 6 and 12 receive instruction, but two-



thirds of these receive no religious instruction. This responsibility links itself, then, with the education of our children.

"I am going to ask you to go with me to a little town eighteen miles from Nauvoo and see a picture—two of the greatest men of this world lying dead upon the floor. Why was that precious blood spilt? I am going to ask you to go with me into the camps of the Saints on the bluffs of Iowa and see many people who knew they would never live to build new homes, but who had one purpose of which they sang?

"We'll find the place which God for us prepared,

Far away in the west;  
Where none shall come to hurt or make afraid,' etc.

"Go into the camps and see mothers who knew they could go no farther, calling husbands to their bedside and exacting one promise, 'Take our children to the valleys of the mountains'.

"Considering all this, who has the responsibility of seeing that the thing for which they lived and died is realized?

"Children come out of school less reverent. Home is the primary place to teach, but school is the next place of importance. Thirty years ago the Church discovered that children were not forming proper habits; that they needed more training in prayer, in truth telling, in honesty. When the authorities of the Church began to see the need, Anthon H. Lund said, 'I move that Religion Classes be established in all of the wards of the Church and that men and women be called to aid in spiritualizing education.'

"Is it possible that (after thirty years) there are still some who need converting?

"Religion Class trains in leadership, commits children to religious habits, therefore, it should begin with school and close with school."

### The Soul of the Lesson

Elder William A. Morton, field secretary of the Religion Classes, was the next speaker. He said in part:

One Saturday, a number of years ago, I was visiting with a family in Garland, Utah. In the evening, when the family knelt in prayer, the father gave thanks and praise to God for the blessings he and his beloved ones had received from His kind and gracious hands—for the Gospel, for their membership in the Church, for their fellowship with the household

of faith, etc. He gave thanks also for the temporal blessings they were enjoying—for their good home in the peaceful valleys of the mountains, for their fruitful orchard, their farm, and for the assurance they had of a bounteous harvest.

The next morning, as the good man and I were walking along the road, on our way to Sunday School, he said: "I used to herd cattle in this part of the country, and when I came to where Garland now is, I rushed the animals through; I would not stay over night in the God-forsaken place."

I reminded him of the prayer he had offered up the evening before, in which he had thanked God for his home, his orchard and farm, and then added: "God was in this place all the time and you knew it not. There was the soil; there was the water of the Bear river; there was the sunshine; all that was needed was husbandmen. The Lord was waiting for you and others to come and turn this part of the country into the 'fruitful field' it is today."

My brethren and sisters, fellow-workers in the Religion Classes, we have the finest soil in the world. There is no better soil in which to plant the seeds of eternal truth than the hearts of the children of Zion. They are the "rich, brown furrows" we sing about in the song entitled "Sowing."

And we have also the best seed in the world—the pure, unadulterated Gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ, restored to earth in these latter days. No other people in the world has got such seed as we have.

And, with the best soil and the best seed, we have, I believe, the best sowers in the world. I do not believe that any church on earth has better teachers of its children than has the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. I am reminded of a visit a prominent educator paid to one of our Sunday Schools a few years ago. He visited each class in turn, from the kindergarten to the parents. "It is the finest work I have ever seen in a Sunday School," was the comment he made. While addressing a large gathering of denominational Sunday School workers a short time afterward, he said: "As for Sunday School work the Mormons are miles ahead of you."

We have, as I have said, the best soil, the best seed and the best sowers. What more is needed? As the country needs better farmers, so the Church needs better teachers. And as a means has



been provided—our Agricultural Colleges—for the making of better farmers, so the Church has provided a means—teacher-training classes—for the making of better teachers.

In what way can our Religion Class teaching be improved? Well, from observations I have made, I would say by getting closer to the soul of our work. In the fourth chapter of John's Gospel we have an account of a conversation which the Lord had with a woman of Samaria, whom He met at Jacob's well. He asked her for a drink of water, at which she marveled, for the Jews, as you know, had no dealings with the Samaritans. From the water in the well, Jesus went to "the water of life." Then He told the woman a little about her own life—that she had had five husbands and that the man that she was then living with was not her husband. On hearing

this, the woman said to him: "Sir, I perceive that thou art a prophet \* \* \* I know that Messiah cometh, which is called the Christ, when he is come he will tell us all things." Then said the Savior, "I that speak unto thee am he."

Convinced in her heart that He had spoken the truth, the woman left her water pot, ran back to the city with the glad tidings that she had found the long-looked-for Messiah, and, through her, many of the Samaritans also found the Christ.

Brethren and sisters, what is the soul of this story? It is, in my humble opinion, the finding of the Christ. That was the greatest thing that ever entered into the life of that Samaritan woman.

God help us to find the soul of our lessons, is my humble prayer, in the name of Jesus Christ. Amen.

## Ode to Utah—"This is the Place"

Dedicated to the Boys and Girls of Utah.

Words and Music by ALFRED M. DURHAM.

*Allegro moderato ben marcato. mf.*

1. A ster - ile desert bleak and bare Was U-tah when our fathers came, The  
 2. The mountains send their crystal streams To ir - ri - gate the thirsty soil. Thy  
 3. Thy sons and daughters hold thee dear, Our hearts go out in praise to thee; We'll

*Allegro moderato ben marcato. mf*

Red man's shout, the howl of beasts The on - ly sound on hill and plain. And  
 val - leys yield a - bund - ant - ly, Re - spon - sive to the hand of toil. The  
 raise thy standard lift it high, Fair U - tah, hive of in - dus - try, From



*f*

yet when gazing from the height, The leader of that sturdy band, Stirred  
rich - es from a thousand hills, Thy bus - y marts and cit - ies fair, Call  
i - dle-ness and ig - nor-ance, We'll keep our land for-ev - er free, Thy

*f* *mf*

ev - 'ry heart to songs of joy, As viewing he ex - claimed.  
forth our songs of ec - sta - sy, For nature's gifts so rare. } This is the  
fame shall go to all the world, And live e - ter - nal - ly.

*cres.*

place, This is the place, Dear Utah. Wonderful place, wonderful place, Our Utah,  
Mountain and

*Rit.* This is the place,  
vale now ring, with praises our song we sing, This is the place, Dear U - tah.

*Rit.*



# CHILDRENS SECTION

An illustration at the top of the page, enclosed in a decorative border, shows two children sitting on the ground and reading books. The child on the left is a girl with dark hair, wearing a light-colored dress, sitting cross-legged. The child on the right is a boy with dark hair, wearing a light-colored shirt and dark pants, also sitting cross-legged. They are both looking down at their books. The background of the illustration is a simple, stylized landscape with some foliage and a building in the distance.

## The Two Letters

By Glen Perrins

As Jane scanned the second of the two letters which the postman had just left, a frown crossed her forehead,—it was from her father asking if she could possibly come home for Mother's Day. The first note was from her girl chum inviting her to spend the same week at her home in the nearby city; the frown vanished and a smile brightened her face as she re-read this note.

"Of course," she thought to herself, "I haven't been home for an age. I suppose I really ought to be with the folks on Mother's Day." But the parties and good times that she anticipated having at Rebecca's, appealed more to Jane's romantic nature than did a quiet week at home.

"Besides," she continued, as if trying to clear her own conscience, "I could wire mother some carnations, or send a card; that would be just the same. \* \* \* I've always spent Mother's Day at home, gone to the services in the church, and all. Mother ought to be willing to spare me this year."

So Jane sat down and wrote a note home to her father, telling him she would like to see how it would be to spend Mother's Day away from home, just for once.

Then she answered the letter from Rebecca saying that she would be delighted to spend the holidays with her, and thanked her for the invitation. When this had been accomplished, she ran downstairs to the mailbox and sent the letters on their way. She would

leave on an early morning train, she told Rebecca,—the day before Mother's Day, and arrive there in time for the dance that night.

The evening before her journey, Jane stayed up quite late getting everything ready. Yes. She had remembered to wire two dozen carnations home to her mother, but she felt rather guilty inasmuch as she was not to accompany the flowers. Half-guilty, therefore, she set the alarm for six o'clock, placed it beside her bed and fell into a troubled sleep.

Next morning, as she walked through the depot to her train, she stopped and bought a magazine; and then passed on, turning through its pages, thinking of the wonderful time she was going to have at Rebecca's. She boarded the train and settled back for a nice, cool ride, and to read her magazine. \* \* \*

At length noon time came and she got out her lunch. Then, quite suddenly, she glanced out of the window, wondering why she had not done so before.

Imagine her astonishment when she looked at the surrounding country. Horrors, what was wrong? Was she on the right train? \* \* \* Yet the scenery looked so familiar!

"Where is this train going?" she fairly shouted at the conductor who at that moment had just entered the car.

"Why, to Maysfield, of course,—and that's where you wanted to go, according to your ticket," replied the conductor.

"My ticket said 'to Maysfield?'" gasped Jane, unable to comprehend.

"Sure. Certainly,—here it is if you want to see it," and the conductor pro-



duced the bit of cardboard which Jane had purchased.

"Well, I guess it's alright," answered the startled girl,—*"Excuse me. Maybe that's where I ought to be going,—Maysfield's my home, you know,"* she concluded rather lamely, and sat down in her seat again as the conductor went on.

"Goodness! How did it happen?" Jane asked herself. "Was she getting absent-minded? Had she been dreaming? or what?"

The pretty girl on the cover of her magazine smiled up at her. Yes, that was it. The magazine was to blame, —or to be commended? Jane wondered.

Still she did not know what to do? She had told Rebecca she would be in the city that evening; now she had been traveling for four hours,—in the wrong direction. The train she had intended to catch was by this time nearing Rebecca's,—and, moreover, she could not get back to town again until the next night. By then the dance and parties would be nearly over.

Jane sat in deep thought, puzzled, until the train pulled into her home town; then she struggled off the train with her luggage she had planned for the other trip.—Jane hated to admit it, but she was rather eager to see how surprised her parents would be to see her.

Quickly sending a wire of regrets to Rebecca, she picked up her luggage and sauntered up the road toward home. It was just growing dark. It did seem good to be back once more near her folks; then as she neared the porch, the sun was just setting, and Jane could see through the window. Her mother and father were seated at the table, with all her little brothers and sisters crowded about, apparently intensely interested in a story.

Tears began to gather in Jane's eyes, and on the impulse, she threw down her luggage,—burst through the door with a cheery, "Hello."

Full of joy and astonishment they greeted her. They thought this was a little surprise Jane had planned for them.

When Jane was ready for bed, she turned out the lights and stepped to the window. As she looked out, she saw the bright stars twinkling down at her from the "homey" sky. How nice it seemed to be home! How pleasant it would seem to hear in the little white Sunday School the Mother's Day program once more. Jane then realized that she had really wanted to come home all the time.

### Mother—An Acrostic

For six children, each carrying a large letter

First Child—

Mother's always ready

To help a fellow out.

A mother's sure a dandy,

Of that there is no doubt.

Second Child—

Our mothers are always willing

To do whate'er they can:

To help us in our playtime,

Or for our work to plan.

Third Child—

To all mothers in all places

This day will e'er be given;

We want to give them honor here,

We know they're praised in heaven.

Fourth Child—

Home is the throne for mother,

And we will give her praise,

And love the name of mother

On this and other days.

Fifth Child—

Each one here has a mother,

And each will wish to say

That we are glad they're with us

On this bright Mothers' Day.

Sixth Child—

Remember ever, mothers,

That though we're sometimes  
wrong,

We really would not grieve you,

Our love is ever strong.



## The Transformation

By Arleen Goodwin

[Prize short story awarded by Lehi High School, 1924.]

"Stella!"

No answer.

"Stella Martin!"

Still no answer.

"Young lady, if you don't hurry and clean that kitchen before father comes home, you'll certainly catch it." The loud, complaining voice rose a tone higher at each word, echoing loudly through the silent house.

In one end of the untidy kitchen sat Stella Martin, slovenly young lady, calmly reading a book. Apparently she was very much interested in what she read there, as the commanding voice of her sister Margaret did not move her.

It was Stella's part of the work to clean the kitchen, but it was not her nature to be hurried. Nothing short of a small earthquake would really arouse her. She was a calm placid girl of few emotions who took matters as they came, making no effort to oppose them. She said that all the unpleasant things in her life had been inevitable. Disagreeable things could not be avoided.

Perhaps Stella's attitude was partly due to the environment she lived in. The Martin home, situated in Dale City, was pretty and cozy, but it lacked the modern conveniences that are so essential in the home today in making the household tasks easier and not a continual drudgery. Water had to be carried in the home, this work being heavy and extremely tiring. There was no bathroom, and the kitchen lacked the necessary implements with which the household tasks are performed with greater skill—for good housekeeping is an art.

After the death of her mother, Stella became even more indifferent. She was an untidy, bad mannered girl. Mr. Martin and Margaret had almost given

her up in despair. They had labored with her, trying to make her take an interest in her personal appearance, and to seek joy in her work, but no—Stella was not to be moved; she simply didn't care.

Stella Martin was not a bad looking girl; in fact, she was really pretty. Her hair and eyes were brown and her skin was clear and fair. However, all these good qualities passed by unnoticed because of her slovenly habits.

Mr. Martin had been planning to send Stella to college as she had finished high school the year previous. He thought if she once got there, she would begin to awaken, and realize the things she had missed. When the subject was first discussed with Stella, she stormed, a very unusual thing for her to do, and said she wouldn't go—it was impossible and absurd. After thinking it over later, Stella decided to go. At least, she said, college was a place where she wouldn't have to work, so with this idea, she finally consented to go. Preparations were made hurriedly, as only two weeks remained before the opening semester. The array of dainty clothes which were purchased made Stella more eager to go than before. Foot-wear, hats, gloves, and all the necessary articles were constantly arriving.

"After all," Stella remarked one day when Margaret was fitting a charming afternoon frock on her, "it is really fun to have all this going on, I do hope I'll have a good time."

"Oh, I am sure you will," came the brief reply from Margaret. Inwardly she was very happy. Yes, Stella was already beginning to awaken.

The day of Stella's departure dawned bright and clear. At the station after the farewells were over, Stella climbed into the waiting train and sat down to think. She was surrounded



by books, candy and flowers from her father and Margaret. For a moment something flashed over her mind and she saw what an ungrateful girl she had been.

Mr. Martin had arranged for her luggage to follow. He had also engaged a room for her at the college dormitory. She was to be gone for over ten months. What an eternity it seemed to her then. Tears sprang to her eyes—she had not realized there would be a heartache in her departure from home. Stella put her hand up to her eyes unconsciously. Something there blurred her eyesight; her hand was wet with tears. She realized this with a start and sat up erect. Why what was this, Stella crying?

"I must not forget myself," she whispered.

The first few weeks at college passed by in a mad whirl. There were many rude awakenings for Stella Martin. She had to put all her efforts on her studies, in order to keep up in her classes. Her opinion of college had changed greatly.

One by one she overcame her faults and bad habits. They fell from her like a loosened garment. One day as she was walking out in the cool autumn air, she thought how radiantly happy she was. This was life, seeking joy in her work, and making good. In her heart she offered a silent little prayer thanking Him for this which had come into her life, her golden opportunity.

Stella soon became skilled in the art of cooking and sewing. It was at college that she learned the value of cleanliness and sanitation. She found how much more easily these things could be secured with the modern conveniences.

Stella's many classes taught her and made her realize just what the old

Stella Martin had been. She regretted the many times she had neglected her personal appearance or shirked a duty. The transformation of Stella Martin was like a drab-colored bud opening into a gorgeously crimson rose—the symbol of beauty.

As the years of her college life passed, she became more and more popular with her classmates. Her society was sought, rather than shunned by the students.

Mr. Martin and Margaret were delighted with Stella's many successes. In one of her letters home she said:

"You must not fail to come up for the closing exercises. Just think! In the spring I'll be a college graduate."

When Mr. Martin and Margaret went up for the graduation exercises, they both thought Stella the most beautiful girl in the class, and the one most benefitted by college life.

The return home was very happy indeed. The people of Dale City were very much surprised in the marked change of the new Stella Martin. They spoke of her "metamorphosis" as one being as complete as the chrysalis emerging into a butterfly.

It was not long until the Martin home was strictly modernized with complete kitchen and bathroom equipment. This was all due to Stella's efforts, nor did her influence end there. The organization of a girl's club with the idea of Civic Betterment was another piece of work for which the young college graduate was responsible.

Soon after this the town itself was modernized. Trees, flowers and lawns were planted. Dale City showed a marked improvement. It became a beautifully clean country town.

Everyone had benefitted by Stella's college education, but the one most of all was Stella herself.

*Watch lest prosperity destroy generosity.—H. W. Beecher.*



## And She was Queen

*By Ada M. McClain*

There were times when their own mother could not tell Ethel and Bethel apart. They were as much alike in looks as any pair of twins who ever made the journey to this earth together. The same golden brown curls, the same soft brown eyes with little glints of laughter and happiness lighting them, marked both as very beautiful and blessed children. But the mother early discovered that there was a difference in the feelings and actions of her twin girls, for as she had watched their natures slowly unfold and begin to shape themselves, she had gradually come to realize that in one of them there was a dark streak of selfishness which was entirely absent in the other. When they were but tiny tots Ethel would always eat her candy or her cake and demand a part of Bethel's and Bethel had always made it her pleasure to yield to her sister's selfish whims. In fact, if something were given to her and not to Ethel, her first thought was to divide, the biggest portion going to Ethel.

Up through their school years the two girls had laughed and danced their way, only those who knew them best being able to tell whether it were Ethel or Bethel they were talking to. Even in Ethel's acts of selfishness it was difficult to determine whether it were Bethel who was always thinking of herself first, or whether it were Ethel, or sometimes one and sometimes the other.

During the bright warm days of spring, when the eighth grade began to plan for their May Day festival, a puzzling question arose as to who would be the May Queen. Everyone wanted one of the twins, but they did not know how to choose between them and it would not be just the proper thing to have two queens. It was finally agreed to have them draw for it, the one get-

ting the slip with the words "you are our May Queen" written on it would then be considered elected. So it was that Bethel went home on that day with the precious slip pressed firmly against the palm of her hand as her fingers lovingly caressed it; and Ethel walked by her side with a little demon of envy pounding on the door of her heart. She had wanted so much to be the May Queen and had gone so far as to practice before the mirror at home just how she would pose when all the honor was paid to her by her classmates on the day of the festival. And now she could not accept her defeat without a feeling of resentment filling her heart. Some way it seemed that all the good things came to Bethel. If they walked in the woods Bethel always found the prettiest flowers, and she talked to them such silly talk as if they were really people; the birds would flutter down on her shoulder turning their wise little heads sideways as if they understood her cooing and caressing words. The very sunshine seemed brighter for Bethel, she thought, than it did for her.

The mother was very happy to know that her daughter was to be so honored among her classmates and she joined into the making of the queen's robe with as much enthusiasm as though she were a school girl herself. And when the last stitch had been taken and each fold fell in filmy loveliness about Bethel's graceful young body, that mother gathered her little girl in her arms, breathing a joyous, "My little queen!"

"But, mother, do you know I am afraid I shall not be able to smile at all tomorrow," whispered Bethel. "I just love it all better than anything I ever did, and wasn't it sweet of the boys and girls to want me; but, mother, Ethel wants to more than I do and I



do wish she had drawn the right slip instead of me."

"Why, Ethel should be glad for you, dear. You know we do not always find our happiness in the things that come to us. Some times it is greater joy to see those whom we love happy. So don't you worry, my dear, Ethel does not care."

But Ethel did care. By the time the dress was finished her heart was so full of envy that she could not feel at ease with either Bethel or her mother. It was the first time in all of her life she had ever hesitated to claim anything from Bethel that she desired, but now there was a something which stopped her. She could not find a way to ask for that which she wanted more than she had ever wanted anything before. The two girls were in their room preparing for bed on the evening before the eventful May Day. Neither of them had spoken for some time.

"Bethel, are you going to be very happy tomorrow?" asked Ethel in a plaintive voice which clearly said she was not going to be.

"I hope so; aren't you?" bravely replied Bethel, trying to hide the pain which her sister's disappointment had awakened in her own loyal heart.

"No, I'm not, Bethel, and you know it. I don't see why I can't be the queen. No one would ever know, and you really wouldn't care much would you?"

At last the words were out. She had openly confessed that she wanted to take the place of honor away from her sister. And that monster Selfishness which had gained control of her heart was urging her on by assuring her that her sister would not mind so much.

"Would it be right to deceive our friends like that?" suggested Bethel.

"How could it be wrong when they didn't know which of us they wanted in the first place? You were just lucky in getting that slip, that's all," came Ethel's ready argument.

"Well, I guess you are right, dearie,

and if you want to so much, you may. The dress is all ready and it will look so pretty on you. I will wear the yellow you were going to wear and no one will know that you are me and I am you."

"Oh, won't it be fun, Bethel?" cried Bethel catching her in her arms and whirling around the room with her.

So it was settled. From that on Ethel was one of the happiest and sweetest girls anyone could imagine. And Bethel was happier as she laid her head on the pillow that night than she had been for days. She could content herself now that she knew Ethel was happy, even though there was an ache in her heart that she could not remove.

A new problem confronted them the next morning. They must not allow their mother to help them get ready and how would they keep her from it without hurting her?

"Oh, Ethel, we are even deceiving mother," said Bethel with a scared look on her face as the new thought came to her.

"Mother wouldn't care. Now don't go back on—"

Just then the door opened and Mrs. Thayne slipped in quietly. She explained that Mrs. White next door was quite ill and that if they thought they could help one another in dressing she would go over and see what she could do for Mrs. White. Assurance was quickly given that they would be glad to assist each other, and then wishing them success in all of their plans and the very best time they had ever had, she left the room. As the door closed Ethel sank back into her sister's arms with a long drawn sigh of relief.

"There now, that is done," she said.

But even though the monster Selfishness had been victorious for a time, there were many good forces which were greatly displeased with what was happening, and they were taking their stand for the right. The April Showers who having served their time were departing, turned back with dark faces,



muttering among themselves that so much selfishness should fill one little girl's heart. And the shadow of their dark faces fell across the sky and their mutterings made the low rumble of thunder. Then their tears fell down on the earth. The sunbeams who had planned to dance for their beloved May Queen were now refusing to so much as show their faces where such a spirit of unfairness ruled. The flowers who had been preparing their beautiful robes for the festival, now sadly folded them and drooped their heads. Great tear drops silently falling as the rain fell upon them. The leaves on the trees drew their new green dresses closely about them, shaking their heads and sighing as they turned from one to the other with a look of "can you believe it?" Robin Redbreast who was to have conducted the birds' chorus now sat huddled on a limb with his head tucked under his wet feathers.

It was Ethel who first noticed the raindrops beating against the window, and it was her exclamation of dismay which brought Bethel to her side.

"Horrid rain! It always comes when we don't want it!" she half sobbed as she looked up at the low hanging gray clouds.

"And the sun was shining a little while ago," said Bethel. "Oh, I'm so sorry, dear, but please don't talk like that about a nice friendly rain. It is spoiling our plans, I know, but see how bright and new it is making the grass and the leaves and I know they like it."

"Friendly rain! It is anything but that when it comes spoiling all our fun, and I hate it!" With that Ethel flung the curtain back into place and fell across the bed sobbing bitterly. Bethel stood with her troubled face pressed against the pane, her pleading brown eyes lifted to the cheerless sky. It appeared that all hopes for the festival to be held that day were over. Bethel turned from the window and took up a book she had been reading.

She knew the less said to Ethel the better, but each sob struck into her own heart with a dart of pain. Finally the sobs came farther and farther apart and Bethel knew by the regular breathing that Ethel slept.

Thus it was that Mrs. Thayne found them when she entered the room later that morning. Bethel raised a cautioning finger for her to be quiet, and the two of them held a whispered consultation at the window. Since it was raining, the mother explained, and they could not have their festival, she thought she would take the car and go out to Aunt Mae's for the day. One of the girls could go along but the other would have to remain at home with Junior, the three year old brother. Bethel at once consented to stay, saying she was glad Ethel could do something she would like so much. She gently shook the sleeping girl, whispering to her that she had a lovely surprise for her. Ethel sat up and rubbed her eyes, looking doubtfully about the room as if she found it impossible to believe anything could please her right then.

"I thought since Bethel was to have been the May queen, perhaps you would like to go out to Aunt Mae's with me. That will divide things up a little, for I suppose they will have the May Pole tomorrow. But settle it among yourselves; one of you may go and the other will have to remain at home with Junior. Be ready in fifteen minutes," said Mrs. Thayne as she went out to get herself ready to go.

Ethel immediately began to change her dress. Never once did she consider Bethel going. Since one of them could go and the other must stay at home, she never questioned but that she was the one to go. Bethel helped her to fasten her dress and when she was all ready, gave her a warm little hug and told her to have a good time, reminding her that it was such fun to go to Aunt Mae's always.



It was about noon when chubby, rosy-cheeked Junior left his playing beside Bethel and pushing the book from her lap, pointed to the sunshine coming through the window, and begged her to take him out in the yard and play "Indian." She drew the curtain aside and in surprise looked out upon the clear sky and the bright sunshine. So interested had she been in her story that she had failed to notice the sunbeams struggling to get in to her through the curtains. She caught Junior in her arms and left the room.

"Why Junior Boy, did you ever see such a wonderful world!" she exclaimed as she drew in a deep breath of the fresh spring air and looked at everything so new and bright.

The telephone rang. Leaving the child on the porch, she ran to answer it. It was one of the school girls who said they had decided that even though the ground would be damp they would have the festival that afternoon, and for her to be there at three o'clock with Ethel. She didn't know what to say. Her mind was whirling around with one thought in the center and that was all she could see. "Ethel was gone, and what should she do about being queen?" But she must answer something. The girl was waiting.

"Yes, I will," she said weakly, "but Ethel is not here. She and mother have gone out to Aunt Mae's for the day. I will come—" Her voice trailed off uncertainly, for she had thought of Junior. What could she do about him? There was only one thing to do, she decided quickly, and that was to take him with her.

"Leave him with one of the neighbors," suggested the voice over the wire when she had explained that she would have to bring the child with her.

"No, I couldn't do that. He will either have to come with me or I will have to stay home with him," she replied firmly, though she knew to remain at home would break her heart.

"All right, bring him along and we will help to look after him," agreed the girl.

At three o'clock one of the sweetest and most charming queens who ever helped to welcome a May Day, stood surrounded by her admiring class. By her side, looking with wide-eyed wonder on it all, was sturdy Junior. Every part of the program went off even better than it had been planned. Everything seemed to be working together for their happiness. The sunbeams danced and danced, never seeming to weary, and oh, how they had worked to catch up the moisture and raindrops in preparation after the rain! The flowers were decked out in their best and smiled and nodded to everyone gaily. Robin Redbreast strutted up and down as he directed the birds in their chorus, using his wing for a baton. The warm spring breezes seemed to realize that pure Love and not Selfishness reigned with this May Queen. They touched the soft brown curls and caressed them, and played among the folds of her dress. The whole class agreed it was the most perfect May Day and festival their hearts could have wished for.

That evening when Ethel and her mother returned it was getting dark. Junior met them at the door, for he was bubbling over with news about the "bestest time ever did have." Ethel listened to all of it in silence and Bethel said very little. She allowed Junior to bridge over the feeling of constraint which was noticeable as soon as Ethel returned, and she hadn't had a chance to explain anything to her. That evening, when they were alone in their room, Bethel at once tried to make her sister understand how things had happened.

"I just didn't know what to say when they called me, but what could I do? I couldn't reach you, for Aunt Mae has no telephone. I thought and thought—"

Ethel placed her hand over Bethel's



lips. There were tears in her eyes, and she spoke rather brokenly, but with brave determination back of it.

"Forgive me, Bethel. I guess I have been like this all my life. I always try to get what I want without thinking much about other folks. Why do you always let me do it? I've had a lot of time to think today for it just seemed to clear off as soon as I left and I knew they would have the May Pole. And it's the rain and the sunshine that have taught me a lesson if nothing else could. Help me to remember it, Bethel, won't you?" Her head was on her sister's shoulder and she was crying softly.

And Bethel promised.

### Bear Tracks

*By Marguerite Cameron*

Mary Anne skipped down the hill—a tiny girl with dimples and brown eyes. She was pink from the tip of her calico sunbonnet to the soles of her little bare feet.

"Be careful to get home before the gates are locked," warned Mother.

"Of course, I will, Mother," Mary Anne called back.

Now Mary Anne lived in the day and the country of Indians and wild animals. At first the pioneers had erected a high mud wall to protect themselves against both. And everyone had lived within the wall. As soon as the Indians had become friendly, the pioneer had ventured outside. Their leader, Brigham Young, had praised those who built on the side which sloped down to the great Salt Lake.

"But I warn you against building on the hills back of the wall," he said. "Wild animals still prowl down the canyon. Everyday woodmen report fresh bear tracks."

But some of the fearless pioneers did not heed the warning. They built on the hill. From the door of the cabin where Mary Anne lived her

mother and father could hear the wolves howl at night. They had to be very sure that the children were all in by sundown.

This afternoon Mary Anne was on her way to borrow Mrs. Hoglan's green parasol for the Fourth of July parade tomorrow. She skipped down the hill, over the sawmill bridge and down the canyon road to Empire Gate. Mary Anne sniffed. The air was sweet with the perfume of the wild roses everywhere abloom. She ran on and presently came through Eagle Gate. Mary Anne looked up to see the big wooden eagle, which spread its wings at the very tiptop. Mother's warning sounded again in her ears, "Be sure to get home before the gates are locked." Well, she would, thought Mary Anne.

To be sent on this errand all alone was even better than the parade. Mary Anne took her time as she wandered along the row of little stores. To her they were wonderful. The jam tarts and jelly rolls in the bakery window made her hungry. She stopped to visit with Mrs. Hoglan. She told her everything she knew. Then she started home with the green parasol.

Now Mary Anne knew that the two big gates were locked every night. But she did not know that Empire Gate was always locked first. Joyfully she ran in through Eagle Gate. She skipped along the gravel pathway to the second gate. It was locked. Perhaps she would have to go back and sleep at Mrs. Hoglan's all night. What would Mother think?

Mary Anne hurried back. But it was only to see the great Eagle Gate swing to on its big hinges. The metal bolt slid into place. It struck a hopeless chill into Mary Anne's heart. A sob welled up in her throat. Here she was all alone—between these two gates—all alone. It was getting darker every minute. What could she do? How could she get home to Mother?—or even back to Mrs. Hoglan's?



"Oh, God," she prayed, "please get me out." Wail rose upon wail. Mary Anne pounded with her small fists on the heavy wooden gate. She needed to get home to Mother. "Boo-hoo, boo-hoo," she cried.

Suddenly she noticed a rattling in the lock.

"What's the matter—little girl?" puffed a voice through the keyhole. "Be ye scared—to be locked in?"

It was the "Pig Man." He always locked the gates. He had heard her cry for help—the nice "Pig Man." Everyone knew him as the "Pig Man" because he fed a yardful of little grunters in one corner of Brigham Young's estate.

His key rattled. The bolt turned. The heavy wooden frame swayed. He was inside—the dear "Pig Man." His face was big and round and his mouth quivered when he breathed. The poor man was suffering from asthma. He was always out of breath.

As he let Mary Anne through the Empire Gate, he peered up the long lonesome trail to the yellow glimmer on the hill. "Ben't ye afraid, little girl?" he queried.

"Not any more," responded Mary Anne.

In the darkening twilight she could scarcely keep the path. She fled quickly on over City Creek bridge and past the sawmill. She could hear the water rushing down the flume and through the wheel. There at the top of the hill stood Mother, straining her eyes down the pathway. She was looking for wee Mary Anne with Mrs. Hoglan's green parasol—but Mary Anne at all events.

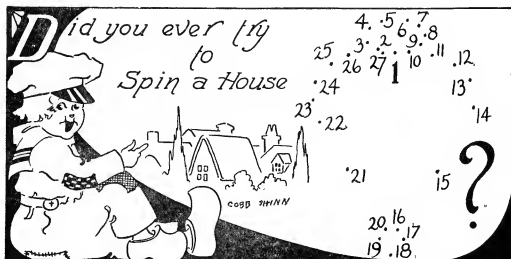
Next morning the "Pig Man" stumbled upon some very recent bear tracks low in the canyon—in fact along the sawmill trail. He straightened up for breath. He shivered. The local newspaper printed the "Pig Man's" bear story.

When Mother read it aloud after supper, they all stared at Mary Anne.

"What would you have done," her big sister gasped, "if you had met the bear?"

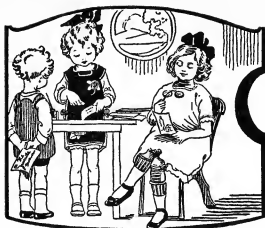
But Mother got right up. She looked Mary Anne over from head to toe, just as if she really had been mauled by a bear. "My dear child," the tears were in her eyes, "My dear child," and she hugged her close.

### Daffodilly Dots



With a pencil draw a line from 1 to 2, 3, 4, etc., and see what you will get.





# *The* Children's BUDGET BOX

The Budget Box is written entirely by children under seventeen years of age. To encourage them, the "Juvenile Instructor" offers book prizes for the following:

Best original verses of not to exceed twenty lines.

Best original stories of not to exceed three hundred words.

Best amateur photographs, any size.

Best original drawings, black and white.

Every contribution must bear the name, age and address of the sender, and must be endorsed by teacher, parent or guardian as original.

Verses or stories should be written on one side of the paper only. Drawings must be black and white on plain white paper, and must not be folded.

Address: The Children's Budget Box. "Juvenile Instructor," 47 East South Temple Street, Salt Lake City, Utah.

## Joseph Smith's Prayer

Our Prophet, Joseph Smith, was born at Sharon, Windsor County, Vermont. When he was ten years of age, the family moved to Palmyra, New York. At the age of fourteen they moved again, this time to Manchester, New York. After they had lived there a short time a great religious revival arose. Every minister said that his church was the only true church of God.

Joseph's mother and his brothers, Hyrum and Samuel Harrison, and his sister Sophronia joined the Presbyterian church, but he was undecided as to what church to join.

As he was reading the Bible one day, he happened to turn to James, First Chapter, Fifth Verse, which reads as follows: "If any of you lack wisdom let him ask of God, that giveth to all men liberally, and upbraideth not; and it shall be given him." This was his inspiration for his wonderful prayer which resulted in the restoration

of our Church—The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

Age 13. Arvel Anderson,  
Box 111, Pleasant Grove, Utah.



PHOTO BY SOREN C. ANDERSON  
Age 7, Ork City, Utah.



## Mother

There's someone I love,  
That toils for me.  
She treats me sweet  
And tenderly.  
I love her better  
Than silver or gold  
That all the world  
Could ever hold.  
My Mother.

Age 11. Ileen Christensen,  
282 4th Ave., Salt Lake City, Utah.



BY AUGUST NICHOLS

Age 13. R. D. No. 2, Box 34,  
Sandy, Utah.

## Springtime

Springtime with its beautiful blossoms  
and brooks,  
Oh! how glorious with its green grass  
and shady nooks,  
With dandelions yellow and violets  
blue,  
What could be sweeter and fairer of  
hue!  
It seems to me it begins a new year,  
When it starts all over again in lofty  
cheer.  
Oh! for the waterfalls crystal and  
clear,  
I know its the best time of all the  
year.

Age 12. Ruby Justesen,  
511 Wilson Ave., Salt Lake City, Utah.

## Betty's Disobedience

Betty was six years old and she had to walk four blocks to school. She had to pass a river on her way. Her mother had warned her to stay away from the river.

One day when Betty was going to school she saw some new flowers down by the river and she said to herself:

"Mama won't care if I just get a few to take to Miss Brown," so she went down the bank and was picking some flowers and she saw a pretty rock just in the shallow part of the river. She lay down on the grass and was reaching out to get the rock and she slipped and went rolling into the water. Jack and Fern were walking a little way behind her, and they ran to the river and got her out and took her home. Her mother worked with her for a while and she came to her senses. There was a lot of children there and Mrs. Brent said:

"See what Betty has done by disobeying her mama; I hope this has taught her a lesson, not to disobey her mother again."

And Betty had learned a lesson and so had all the rest of the children. After Betty was better she left a note on the table one day when she went to school and the note was for her mother. This is what it said:

"Dear Mama:

"I am sorry I disobeyed you and I will never do it again, because I love you too much, and I didn't think you would care if I got some flowers for Miss Brown.

"Your little daughter,  
"Betty."

Vivian Cowley,  
Venice, Utah

Age 9

## My Pets

We have a fine bulldog whose name is Watch, for he is a good watchdog. When he was a tiny pup, my father ran over him with his car, which



crushed his hind leg and back. He was very sick for a long time. While sick we did all that loving hands could do. He is now three years old. He is very grateful to us, and obeys like a child. He plays all kinds of tricks, like speaking for his food, shaking hands, saying prayers, and being a dead dog at request, and he uses all his legs only when he runs, or swims.

My kitty is white and gray. We call him Tommy. He was a poor little orphan when he came here, and oh, how poor he was! We thought he would never live, but I gave him lots of new milk and now he pays us for the trouble by catching mice.

Age 10.

Pearl Yates,  
Lake Point, Utah.



DRAWN BY CLARK L. BURR  
Age 14. Route 1, Box 65  
Provo, Utah.

### My Bicycle

So many boys had bicycles that I wanted one awfully bad, and mama got me a purse and said to save all my pennies and nickels. In two months there was over five dollars, but it seemed so slow to get it that way.

I dreamed about work that a little boy could do to earn money. Often I dreamed I saw a nice new bicycle by my bed, but when I woke up and put out my hand for it there was nothing there.

One day we went to see some friends and they had just bought a second hand bicycle for twenty dollars. I got on and rode it right off which did tickle me for I didn't know I could ride it. Riding on my scooter had taught me to balance and give signals, and that is why it was so easy.

Papa gave me a job and paid me well so that I soon had twenty dollars and we paid that at the bicycle shop on a thirty-five dollar bicycle. The next week I was to get the bicycle, but papa ran over a dog in the street and killed it. This took the other fifteen dollars I needed to pay for the dog, and I had to wait some more.

On October 4, 1924, papa came driving in with my bicycle in his Ford, and it had a bell on it. I ride every night and morning and am happy.

Logan Brimhall,  
Age 7½ San Diego, California

### Evening on the Farm

When the evening sun is sinking,  
And the birds begin to call,  
And the cows are wandering homeward  
That's the time that's best of all.

When the evening chores are starting,  
When the long, long night is near,  
And the shadows are a falling,  
That's the time you're glad you're here.

When the men have finished working,  
And the supper work is done,  
And you gather round the fire,  
That's the time you have the fun.

Then Father reads the paper,  
And Mother darns some socks,  
While Mary reads a story book,  
And Bobby plays with blocks.

But I love to watch the shadows,  
That flicker on the wall,  
And of all the times I know of,  
The evening's best of all.

Edna Pederson.  
Age 15. 113 East Broadway,  
Tucson, Arizona.





**DRAWN BY LILLIAN HURST**  
Age 12. Payson, Utah.

### A Pet Fawn

When my mother was a little girl a friend gave her brother a fawn which was caught in the hills in Thatcher, Idaho. They called her Betty. She was a real pet. She would follow the children everywhere they went. One day there was a children's dance. They were serving lunch, too.

Betty went to the dance with the children. When she got there, she walked right in and helped herself to a nice piece of cake. All the children thought that was the cutest thing they had ever seen. When she was about eighteen months old she would stray off. Sometimes she would be gone for two weeks at a time, and when they had about given up ever seeing her again she would come back, just tickled to death to see them all. The children would hug her nearly to death. They put bells on a wide strip of red flannel and put it around her neck, so that anyone seeing her in the mountains, would know she was a pet.

My mother's family went off for two weeks visit. When they came back Betty was gone. They never saw her again, but they heard of her once. A man in Treasureton (Idaho) about fif-

teen miles from Thatcher saw her and he raised his gun to shoot her, but she started to come to him and he could see the red flannel and bells around her neck. Then he knew she was a pet. She followed him to his home. He tried to tie her up but she fought so hard that he could not. She did not stay there long. That was the last they ever heard of their pet fawn.

Loraine Bollwinkel.

Grace, Idaho.

### Our Baby

I love to sit in our old arm chair  
And let Iris Marie pull my hair.  
She's the sweetest baby in all this town  
With that pretty hair and eyes so brown.

She laughs and goos and creeps  
around,

No sweeter baby could ever be found.  
I can hardly wait till school is o'er  
So I can play with Marie some more.

Age 11.

Ila Jones

Bluff, Utah.



**PHOTO BY LILA CALLISTER**  
Age 12. Moreland, Idaho.



### Spring

Oh! spring with your blossoms and  
flowers

We welcome you here once again.  
Come make our hearts all very happy  
Come water our fields with your  
rain.

Come cheer us once more with your  
sunshine,

Come cover our ground with your  
flowers.

Oh! bring the song birds once more to  
us,

And oh! how our ground needs your  
showers.

Oh! come for the winter is passing,  
And bring back your sunbeams once  
more.

And spring, always stay for a long  
time,

And then we'll be happy for sure.

Age 15.                      Ross Allen Bodily,  
Box 41, Bancroft, Idaho.

### Call of Spring

Oh! come out to the meadow,  
The sunlight's on the dew,  
The world all seems to sparkle  
And the sky's the deepest blue.

Oh! come out by the river  
Watch it wend its silvery way  
To the valley where the sun sets  
Its last bright gleaming ray.

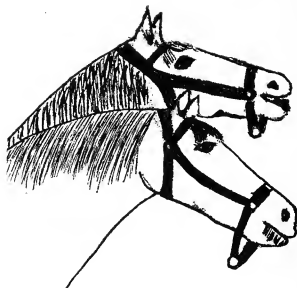
Come out beneath the spreading trees  
Where the birds' songs fill the air,  
Forget that you ever had in the world  
A single worry or care.

Oh! this is a wonderful world we have,  
In which to live and work,  
We don't seem to see how anyone  
could

Find time to sit and shirk.

Ruth Fairbanks,  
723 Kensington Road,

Age 14                      Santa Monica, California



DRAWN BY WENDELL WELLING  
Age 7.                      Fielding, Utah

### Honorable Mention

Iona Allen, Glenns Ferry, Idaho  
Stella Allen, Glenns Ferry, Idaho  
Raymond Arris, Arimo, Idaho  
Luzon Bates, Driggs, Idaho  
Zola Borup, Rupert, Idaho  
Garth Buchanan, Venice, Utah  
Nelda Carter, Provo, Utah  
Dorothy Christensen, Grace, Idaho  
Maxine Cragun, Salt Lake City  
Lucy Decker, Mancos, Colorado  
Veretta Eldredge, Glenns Ferry, Idaho  
Phyllis Flamm, Billings, Montana  
Harrison Follett, Hayden, Arizona  
Arthur Gale, Beaver City, Utah  
Sarah Garrett, Rupert, Idaho  
Deward Hall, Malta, Idaho  
Aileen Hamblin, Alpine, Arizona  
Felicia Hansen, Blackfoot, Idaho  
Florence Hansen Blackfoot, Idaho  
Tessa Hansen, Blackfoot, Idaho  
Cornella Hill, Logan, Utah  
Alice Howe, Los Angeles, California  
La Rue Hunter, McCormick, Utah  
Roscoe Hunter, McCormick, Utah  
Lorena Jeffs, Oakley, Idaho  
Arthur Jensen, Sandy R. D. No. 3, Utah  
Olla Jensen, Millville, Utah  
Drace Johnson, Thistle, Utah  
Owen Larson, Stirling, Alberta, Canada  
Grace Madson, Glenns Ferry, Idaho  
June Martineau, Boise, Idaho  
Beatrice Matthews, Salt Lake City  
Dora Meldrum, Magrath, Canada  
Bernice Nelson, Portland, Oregon  
Daisy Nurse, New Cleethorpes, Lincoln-  
shire England  
Marguerite A. Parker, Rexburg, Idaho



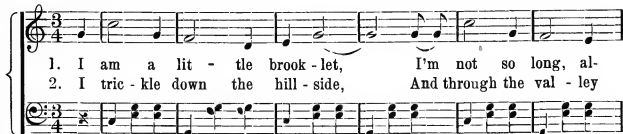
Clara Perkins, Overton, Nevada  
 Christia Pol, Glenss Ferry, Idaho  
 Carmen Richardson, Safford, Arizona  
 Ursula Ritchie, Logan, Utah  
 Ellen Smith, Hill Springs, Alberta, Canada  
 Luella Smith, Grace, Idaho

Elden Southwick, Cove, Oregon  
 Catherine Stephens, Mancos, Colorado  
 Sherley Wartle, Glenss Ferry, Idaho  
 Edna Whitehead, Salt Lake City, Utah  
 Mabel E. Wray, Salt Lake City, Utah  
 Wayne Wright, Peoa, Utah

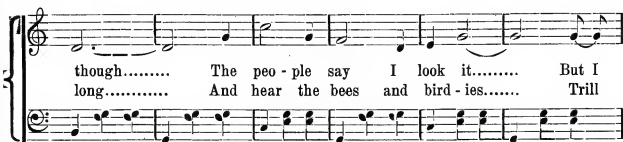
### The Brooklet

Words by IONE OLSEN, Age 10.

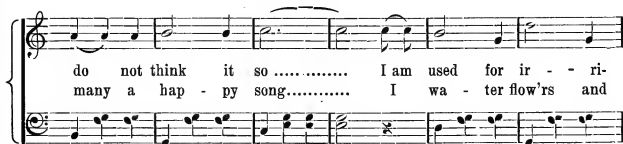
Music by ELDA NEVES, Age 7.



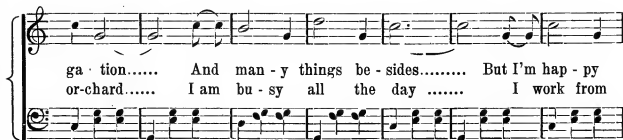
1. I am a lit - tle brook - let, I'm not so long, al-  
 2. I tric - kle down the hill - side, And through the val - ley



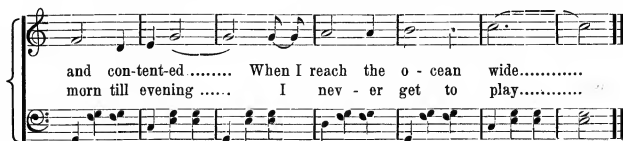
though..... The peo - ple say I look it..... But I  
 long..... And hear the bees and bird - ies..... Trill



do not think it so ..... I am used for ir - - ri-  
 many a hap - py song..... I wa - ter flow'rs and



ga - tion..... And man - y things be - sides..... But I'm hap - py  
 or - chard..... I am bu - sy all the day ..... I work from




















and con - tent - ed ..... When I reach the o - cean wide.....  
 morn till evening ..... I nev - er get to play.....






# Mr. Mixie Magpie

VI.



 **B**OBETTE ran back over the path that leads to the , calling, oh, so anxiously, "Mixie, Mixie! Where are you?" The  by the pigsty was bending in the wind, but no blue-winged  sat in its branches. "He's gone, and I can't see him anywhere, and he can't fly!" cried the little . Somebody must have stolen him!" She climbed once more up the  of the sty; "Old Mrs. , have you seen my  never so much as lifted her head from the , and  climbed down again and started back. From the path she could see part of the  that could not be seen from the , where

 Rascal had been left, and away and away down the road was a  and a  with not a bit of a driver on the front . Bobette's fat little  ran as fast as they could go back





over the path to the . Buzz's papa was coming out of the front . "We're going to take Mr. White's ,










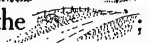
"I know where Horse Rascal is! I saw him, away and away down the road. But I don't know where my  can be." All about the  and all





through the , Buzz and Bobette hunted for Mixie, while  harnessed Mr. White's  to a carriage. At last, "Now I'm ready," he called, and drove out of the .



So the little boy and girl had to get into the seat without , and away and away they drove down the road after

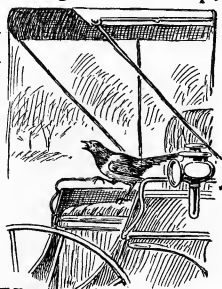
 Rascal. And all along the road they looked for Mixie, but not a speck of a blue  could they see

on any  or . Presently they came to a bend in the ; some one was talking in loud tones, just around the bend and out of sight. "Get up,

get up! Old Lazybones!" said a very familiar voice. Then they turned the bend, and there stood

 Rascal beside the road, and on the front  of the carriage sat naughty Mixie Magpie.

When he saw  and  and , he began to cry, "Whoa, whoa!" As though he were afraid  Rascal would run away.







### In the Corn Belt

"Waiter, have you any shelled corn?"  
 Waiter (surprised): "I think so, sir."  
 "Then take this egg out and feed it!"  
 —Mass, Aggie Squib.

### How It Started

"At any rate, Mrs. Murphy, no one can say I'm two-faced."

"Faith, no, Mrs. Jones. Sure, an' if yer were you'd leave that 'un at 'ome."—  
 Melbourne Punch.

### A Job For Dad

Elsie: "Shall I put on my mackintosh, run out and post those letters, mother?"

Mother: "No, dear, it's not fit for a dog to be out in a night like this. Let your father post them."

### Couldn't Do It

Jackson: "The idea of letting your wife go about telling the neighbors that she made a man of you! You don't hear my wife saying that."

Johnson: "No; but I heard her telling my wife that she had done her best."

### The Retort Courteous

"If I had known what a fool you were I would never have married you, stormed Mrs. Knaggs.

"You might have guessed it, my dear, when I proposed to you," protested her spouse mildly.—Legion Weekly.

### A Perpetual Trance

The youth seated himself in the dentist's chair. He wore a wonderful striped shirt and a more wonderful checked suit, and had the vacant stare of "nobody home" that goes with both.

The dentist looked at his assistant. "I am afraid to give him gas," he said.

"Why?" asked the assistant.

"Well," said the dentist, "how can I tell when he's unconscious?"

### Good Service

Clerk: "Now that you've seen all the blankets in the store which one do you wish?"

Lady: "Well, I was only looking for a friend, and I didn't expect to buy."

Clerk: "Well, ma'am, if you think she's in that remaining blanket up there, I'll take it down for you."

### One On Eddie Foy

Shortly after Raymond Hitchcock made his first hit, Eddie Foy, who was also playing in New York, chanced to be passing Daly's Theater and stopped to look at the pictures of Hitchcock that adorned the entrance. Near the pictures was a billboard covered with friendly extracts from newspaper criticisms.

When Foy had read to the bottom of the list he turned to an unobtrusive young man who had been lounging in the doorway watching him out of the tail of one eye.

"Say, have you seen this new show?" he demanded.

"Sure," replied the young man.

"Any good? And how's this young fellow Hitchcock?"

"Any good?" repeated the young man pityingly. "Why say, he's the best in the business. He's got all these other comedians lashed to the mast. He's a scream."

"Is he as good as Foy?" ventured that gentleman, hopefully.

"As good as Foy!" The young man's scorn was tremendous. "Why, say, Hitchcock has Foy looking like a funeral. They're not in the same class. Hitchcock is a real star. I'm sorry you asked me, but I feel so strongly about it I must tell you the truth."

The older man looked at him very sternly and then, in hollow tones, he said:

"I am Foy."

"I know it," said the young man cheerfully. "I'm Hitchcock."—Irwin S. Cobb, New York Sun.



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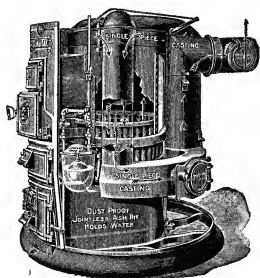
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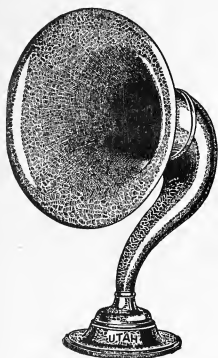
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